

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR

Vol. XVIII.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1889.

No. 6.

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Society

### An Arlington Girl in Naples.

[We are permitted to make the following extracts from a recent letter from Miss Grace Trowbridge to her relatives in this town. They cannot fail to interest her former schoolmates, and many others as well.]

HOTEL BELLEVUE, Naples, Italy. Jan. 15, 1889.

DEAR FOLKS AT HOME:

... We arrived here on the 21st of December, but though the world December sounds cold, it was a beautiful warm day; the sky was blue, the sun shone brightly, and the water of the Mediterranean was as calm as a lake. We landed about two o'clock, and after passing through the Custom House took a carriage and drove to the Bellevue, at which hotel we are now.

We have two spacious rooms, commanding a fine view of the bay, and the mountains, and we could see Vesuvius if it were not for a house which is in the way. We also see a beautiful garden which belongs to some rich lady who lives near by. It is said the furnishings of one room of hers cost three million francs—about 600,000 dollars. Of course the walls are "papered" with velvet, and other things, as furniture, curtains, etc., are of rich materials. As she is going to retire from society, the fine things are being taken out of her house, and she goes to the Grand Hotel to live.

One of our rooms has a fire in it most of the time, a blazing coal fire, which is a blessing to us. Even though it is so warm out of doors, it is rather cold inside; the halls are really cold, and on rainy days the sun does not warm up our room, so we find the fire very useful.

Last night I had the "Wide Awake" and "St. Nicholas" to read, and it really seemed a little like home to be gathered around a large centre-table, on which were set two candles, and to have a pretty good fire in the grate. Outside, the moon was shining gloriously on the sea and on the neighboring housetops. It had been raining almost all day, and we had not been out of the house. Indeed, January is a rainy month here, and there have been many unpleasant days, but to-day is pleasant and sunny and I hope it will continue so.

Now, I suppose you would like me to tell you something about Naples. Before we came here we were discouraged by persons who told us we would not like it; that it looked pretty at a distance, but inside the city it would not be so pleasant. But we have found it a very interesting place, and many parts of it are very beautiful. The streets, however, are in places very dirty; piles of rubbish accumulate in corners, except on the finest streets, and flocks of goats, chickens, cats, dogs and cows are very common. Little donkeys are very numerous, their backs loaded so heavily it seems as if they would break down. Street vendors of all kinds, crying out their goods in a most astonishing way, and beggars are often seen, to say nothing of the number of small children running about, apparently unwatched. In many of the side streets, or alleys, the women wash clothes, etc., right out in the way of the passers-by. The Santa-Lucia is where a great many poor people live. It is a broad street bordering on the Mediterranean. Here the people put tables, chairs, etc., right in the road, and here they live. At almost any time of day you can see them dressing their children, combing their hair, and doing many other things.

But you do not have to go very far to get to the Villa Nazionale, which is a magnificent park bordering on the sea. In it are lovely walks, green trees, fountains, and statuary; and three afternoons in the week the band plays. Then the Neapolitans promenade in full array, gayly dressed in costumes much like our own, and handsome carriages are driving up and down the Riviera Di Chiaja, which is a lovely drive near the Park; in fact the Park is separated from the sea only by this drive, which takes its course along the water's edge.

The costumes of the children here are very curious; they are dressed in very short white frocks, with stockings coming not much above the tops of their boots. Almost every one speaks French here, so we are compelled to.

We see Vesuvius almost every day. It is very active now. During the day there is a volume of smoke coming out of the crater, and at night flames of fire. Some people think there is to be an eruption.

Next time I write I will tell you more about Naples; but the luncheon bell has rung, and I must stop.

GRACE E. TROWBRIDGE.

### About Town Matters

IN ARLINGTON.

—This has been a remarkably quiet week.

—Buy that famous T. D. & Co. cigar at Wm. Whytal's.

—The prospects of an ice crop are growing small by degrees and beautifully less.

—The next meeting of the C. L. S. C. will be held with Mrs. Heald, Tuesday, 12th inst.

—The dancing classes met Wednesday afternoon and evening of this week with the usual full attendance.

—An unusually large number of both sexes enjoyed the excellent skating on Spy pond on Monday.

—Y. P. S. C. E. will hold its meeting at six o'clock at the Congregational church. Mr. W. K. Cook will preside; subject, "Speak for him."

—Mr. Alfred Fire will give a lecture in the chapel at Arlington Heights, next Thursday evening, entitled "Charlotte Corday, the angel of assassination."

—Mrs. Mason left town on yesterday morning to join her husband in Washington, where he is seeking rest and recuperation.

—Saturday and Monday the skating on Spy Pond was superb, and large numbers enjoyed the sport to be obtained there.

—Have we ever approached within three weeks of town election with so little discussion of the matter of town officers and kindred affairs?

—"The Growth of Liberal Christian Thought" will be the subject of Rev. F. A. Gray's sermon at the Universalist church next Sunday morning.

—Expressman Sweeney is as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances. It will be some time before he will be able to use his injured limb.

—A dramatic entertainment is given in Union Hall, Arlington Heights, this evening, under the auspices of the A. O. U. W. It is entitled "The chimney corner."

—The Young People's Christian Union of Baptist church will hold a social in the vestry of the church, Feb. 14th. Supper served at 6.30 p. m. Admission, 15 cents.

—The entertainment arranged for next Wednesday evening, at the Congregational church, is likely to prove decidedly attractive. It is surely novel and amusing, introducing a large number of young people.

—The Highland Whist Club met at the residence of Mrs. John T. White, on Wednesday evening, and enjoyed a drive whist party. The first prizes were won by Mrs. E. B. Bailey and Mr. Wiswell and Capt. Carver and Mrs. Sylvester captured the lesser prizes.

—The Young People's Union gave a dramatic entertainment at the Arlington Heights chapel on Tuesday evening. Owing to the stormy evening the attendance was small, and the entertainment will be repeated next week, when a fuller report will be given.

—A little before midnight last Sunday the boat house standing on the land of the Addison Gage Ice Co., placed there without permission by the proprietor of Spy Pond Hotel, was discovered to be on fire and an alarm sounded which called out the entire fire department, but it was entirely consumed before they could prevent it, being a mere shell.

—Sunday evening a service in memory of Dea. Henry Mott, Messrs. John A. Easton and Richard W. Hilliard, was held in the vestry of the Congregational church at which much of interest relating to these prominent members of the church, deceased within a month, was brought out. Messrs. Lane, Mills, Parker and Taylor were the speakers.

—Dramatic entertainment at the Unitarian church to-night. Be sure and meet "Our Boys." The following is the cast:—

Sir Geoffrey Champneys, a county magnate, Talbot Champneys, his son, H. A. Phinney, a retired butlerman, Chas. Stephens, Violet Melrose, an heiress, Mrs. W. C. Mills, Mary Melrose, her poor cousin, Maude H. Frost, Clarissa Champneys, Sir Geoffrey's sister, Marion B. Fessenden, Belinda, a lodging house slave, Mrs. H. A. Phinney.

—The supper and social at the Congregational church on Wednesday evening was largely attended and pleasant as usual in the social feature which are really the strong point of these meetings of church people. After supper the audience was favored with two pleasing soprano solos by Mrs. Colman, leading soprano of the Baptist church; and recitations by Mr. Cutler, of Cambridge.

—The adjourned meeting of the Orthodox Congregational Parish was held Monday evening. The action of the church in accepting the resignation of Rev. Dr. Mason was concurred in and the recommendation that his salary be continued to April 1st and he be given the use of the parsonage until October was accepted and adopted. Messrs. George H. Rugg, E. O. Grover, and D. F. Jones were chosen a committee to join with the church committee in calling a council. Messrs. Grover, Jones and Kilder a committee to draft resolutions. A small increase in the appropriation for music was the only financial change, the other items remaining the same as last year. Hereafter the pew rentals will be collected monthly and the contribution box passed each Sunday.

—Invitations have been issued by the Arlington branch of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to a reception in the vestry of the Congregational church, next Monday evening, when they hope to meet and hold conference with a large portion of the citizens of Arlington in sympathy with their non-political, unsectarian, broadly Christian temperance work. Of course the object is primarily to so unify and direct public sentiment on the matter of local option to be voted upon once again at the next town meeting, that the good majority of last year against licensing the saloon in our beautiful town shall be swelled to large proportions,—in fact a majority large enough to utterly blast already well blighted hopes of the friends of the saloon and the liquor traffic of ever again having a legal cloak for their disreputable business here. We hope all who have received invitations will make a special effort to be present. The earnest band of women who for twelve years has stood faithful under what were often exceedingly trying circumstances, has a right to the encouragement their presence will give. We also assure them of a pleasant evening, with a well spread table as a help to the sociability which is to be a feature of the evening.

### Reporter's Weekly Gatherings

IN LEXINGTON.

—Major Murray gave a most entertaining recital of his army life last Wednesday evening, as was predicted. Unfortunately the evening was an unusually stormy one and doubtless debarred many from participating who intended to be present. As it was there was a fairly good attendance, but as the lecture was given under the auspices and for the benefit of the Geo. G. Meade Post 119, G. A. R., there should, as has been expressed to us, have been a more generous response on the part of citizens to aid them when occasion offers. Mr. Murray enlisted in Berdan's company of sharpshooters when but eighteen years old but soon rose to the rank of captain, and at the time of his capture by Confederates was acting as commander of the same. His description of his life while a prisoner in the various southern prisons, having been transferred from Libby to Andersonville and Macon, was very interesting, the various amusing anecdotes enlivening the more serious parts. Of course Major Murray fared much better than the larger portion of the prisoners. Being an officer and of marked intelligence, he was treated to better quarters and fare than the privates, and received many personal considerations due to his usefulness to the commanding officer of the prison. His description of the prisoners' methods to cover the flight of escaped comrades was very amusing, and his account of the means taken by the keepers to revenge any act turned against themselves was quite as painful and revolting, convincing one that they were not men, but fiends. One of the most remarkable things which had occurred to the speaker was that during all his experience in the prisons, where there were many scenes of distress and horror, he never heard a southern woman, when witnessing them, express the slightest feeling of pity. The only kindness received by Union men was by the Sisters of Charity. Maj. Murray states that he could forgive the treatment received in those prisons, but he could never forget it.

—Again we have to report the doings, or lack of doings, as perhaps it might more properly be stated, of the adjourned meeting of the Corporation of the Cary Library. Unfortunately we cannot state the matter settled, as it looked as though it might be, to the satisfaction of all concerned, a couple of weeks ago. The important business of this meeting was the reading of a letter from Col. Wm. A. Tower, which sets aside the proposition as presented by the old board of trustees and approved at a previous meeting of the corporation. There was a request that the letter be published in this paper for the benefit of all, but it was thought proper, on consideration,

that it should not appear. The proposition which Col. Tower made in the same was that if the corporation obtained control of the Cary Library with its contents and funds, within sixty days, he would proceed with the library, commencing with the building in April and would have it completed next fall.

The following is the "settlement" agreed to by the committee:—

Whereas, there are honest differences of opinion as to the best method of managing our town library, and for this reason some hesitation on the part of some of the trustees of the Cary Library to transfer to this corporation the property in their hands, and

Whereas, we believe every member of this corporation is desirous of acting in such way as to carry out the wishes of the citizens and to promote the welfare of the town, now therefore we hereby

Resolve, and it is therefore voted that if the method of governing the library provided in the act of incorporation of Cary Library be allowed a fair trial for three years from this date, we will then submit to the town, at a meeting called for the purpose by not less than twenty votes, the question whether the citizens desire any amendment to said act, or any change in library management, or in the method of choosing trustees; and voted further, that in case the town shall vote such amendment or change desirable, then we will use our best efforts to procure such legislation as may be necessary to carry out the wishes of this town in respect to the library.

Voted, that the President be instructed to report to the town at its annual meeting the above action of the corporation with a copy of the resolutions and a statement of proceedings, that may result therefrom, and also that a copy of the resolutions be transmitted to the trustees of Cary Library.

—The Unitarian vestry was converted into a charming bazaar on Thursday afternoon and evening for the sale and supper held under the auspices of the ladies of the sewing circle. An appetizing supper was served in the supper room, which was under the auspices of a competent corps of ladies, and the whole affair was full of enjoyment for all who had any connection with it. A handsome flower table at the head of the room contributed much to the decorative effect and was laden with a choice display of flowers effectively arranged. The attendants were Misses Ballard, Annie Babcock and Esther Whitaker. Mrs. Ballard, assisted by the young ladies of her S. S. class, presided over the children's table, which was draped with the stars and stripes, and its contents, consisting of dolls and toys, charmed the children. The upper left hand corner of the vestry was draped with hammocks and hangings of white drapery artistically arranged to form a booth for the fancy articles. Beautiful articles, tastefully fashioned, were displayed here, in almost endless variety, superintended by Mrs. Clapp with Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Crone, Miss Locke and Miss Robinson as assistants. The candy table had for sales ladies Mrs. Streeter, Miss Nellie Harrington, Miss Cutler and Miss Kirkland, and was furnished with a supply of excellent home-made candy which found ready sale among the company present. One of the most popular tables was filled with an assortment of household articles such as preserves, and cakes, and useful aprons and small wares innumerable, Miss Jessie Whiting and Miss Hunt aiding Miss Clara Harrington in the disposal of the same. A picturesque lemonade stand was made to represent a well, with an "old oaken bucket," and was decorated with evergreen. Miss Alice Harrington, in a becoming oriental costume completed the picture, as she dispersed her cooling beverages and Miss Mulliken made an efficient assistant. It will be seen by this report that the young ladies of the Lend a Hand society had a conspicuous part in the success of the undertaking which was so ably directed by the president of the sewing circle.

—Mr. Ivan Papin gave a most interesting address at the First Parish church last Sunday evening; his subject being quite out of the usual line of addresses. Mr. Papin's subject was the religion of Count Tolstoi, the great Russian novelist, who is noted both for his philanthropy and work among the Russian peasantry. Tolstoi's religious beliefs are of a peculiar and somewhat original nature, and Mr. Papin gave a very clear idea of them to his audience. Tolstoi he described as being a close follower and believer in Christ and took for the fundamental establishment of his creed and belief the sermon on the mount, and endeavors to follow out Christ's words to the very letter.

—Mr. J. H. Wentworth, one of the men long in the employ of Mr. Grant, was a resident of Lynn but has moved from that city to take up his residence here so as to be convenient to the shop Mr. Grant has just built in the vicinity of Fletcher street. Before leaving his old home, his many Lynn friends gave him a reception and some valuable gifts, showing the esteem in which he was held by them.



The year 1888 will be long memorable for its list of distinguished dead.

Bishop Hurst, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says that in Mexico 8,000,000 people have never seen a copy of the Bible.

During the last year Canada's public debt is said to have increased \$11,000,000, making the grand total far from \$284,513,841.

All the ways of New York city are magnificent. Her net debt is more than \$91,000,000, and her government costs her \$40,000,000 a year.

A chair of painting and wood carving has been established in De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind., and Miss Louise Fisher, of Cincinnati, has been appointed to it.

In the year 1887 we received from Europe \$32,000,000 more gold than we exported. In the year 1888 we exported nearly \$30,000,000 more than we received. But we have a good deal of the yellow metal left.

The Houston Post says that South Texas is destined to become the great stock breeding center for the Panhandle country. The fact is, South Texas is attracting more attention now than any other section of the State.

Sloyd is the new word which looks like slang, but is not. Sloydites, according to the Toronto (Canada) Globe, are persons interested in introducing manual training into the public schools. Don't be discouraged by the name.

F. C. Wines, in a recent number of the International Record of Charities and Corrections, says that in 1850 the ratio of prisoners to population was 290 to the million. Ten years afterward it was 607, a decade later, 853, and eight years ago 1159 to the million.

The North invested last year in Southern industries \$168,000,000. Nearly \$30,000,000 of this was invested in Alabama, which leads in mining and manufacturing enterprises in that section. Kentucky got \$28,000,000, Texas \$18,000,000 and Georgia \$14,000,000. The least amount invested was \$2,000,000, which went to Mississippi.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has to make out 40,000 checks for every pay day. To do this work a force of clerks is kept busy throughout the year. Recently the employees of the company requested to be paid every two weeks instead of every month as is now done, but the company found that in order to accede to the request the force of clerks would have to be doubled.

The Northwestern Lumberman says that the lumber industry is in danger of business troubles from over-production. The competition between the yellow pine of the Northwest is increasing, and while the former will, in the opinion of the Lumberman, undersell the latter right along, as it has done in the past, yet there is, it says, not enough demand to keep yellow pine stock from accumulating.

India is so far away that its vastness is scarcely appreciable from America. Its development in wealth is marked by the erection of the most costly railway station in the world, which has been erected at Bombay at a cost of \$14,000,000. The structure was ten years in process of construction. The building is in Venetian Gothic style, with Oriental ornamentation, and returning travelers speak of it as gorgeously magnificent.

The experts who were to have examined the brain of the dead elephant Chief, now in the possession of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, have decided that the organ is too soft to give satisfactory results. The examination was to have been made, as has been stated, to determine, if possible, the nature of the disease "must," which is prevalent among the elephants of India, and which is supposed to be identical with human insanity.

Within late years the demand for hemp has increased enormously, owing, states the Times-Democrat, to its use by farmers for binding grain by machine. Some idea of the increased use of hemp twine for this purpose may be found when it is shown that the total amount of hemp manufactured into binding yarns in 1880 was only 100 tons, while in 1888 the consumption was 42,000 tons. What is known as the "Rope Trust" have advanced the price since last August of Manila and Sisal hemp from four to five cents a pound.

The necessity of a compulsory school law is beginning to be felt in Indiana, and Mr. La Follette, State Superintendent of schools, in his annual report to the Governor recommends the enactment of such a law. Indiana has in round numbers \$15,000,000 invested in school property, and expends \$5,000,000 annually in keeping up the schools; but the average daily attendance is not over twenty-five per cent. of the enumeration and fifty per cent. of the enrollment, while the enrollment is not over fifty per cent. of the enumeration.

## HER SMILE HIS SUNLIGHT.

Sweetheart, when rhymes I make  
For your dear sake,  
You bring  
Into your face a smile  
To cheer me while  
I sing.  
Like to that bird am I,  
Which, when the sky  
At night  
A deeper azure grows,  
No longer knows  
Delight;  
Or like of flowers that one  
Which loves the sun  
And gives  
The beauty of its bloom  
To him for whom  
It lives.  
Pleasure nor joy to bring  
Have I unless  
Your face  
Over my paper shines  
And lights the lines  
With grace.  
For me your smile is day—  
The golden ray  
That climbs  
Imagination's wall  
And sweetens all  
My rhymes.  
For you the birds sing, this—  
The flowers fresh kiss  
And breathe;  
Nor may their nightfall come  
Till both are dumb  
In death.  
—Frank D. Sherman, in the Century.

## HIS SISTER.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Robert, I found the barn unfastened again to-night, and the rails in the corner pasture down. I declare, you deserve to be flogged for your carelessness!"

"You won't flog me, sir," said the boy, in a low voice. His face flushed hotly. He had been reading, his hands on either side of his chair, now he pushed his book away, and sat looking doggedly before him.

"Jerey on me!" murmured Grandmother Macy, who sat near the table knitting. "I do wish Jabez wouldn't speak that way!"

Aunt Mary, a visitor from the West, pushed her chair with an impatient movement further from the fire, frowning a little, but Bertha, Farmer Macy's only daughter, a girl of sixteen, looked from her father to Robert, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes full of tears.

"I didn't say I would flog you!" said the farmer, harshly. "I said you deserved to be flogged for your carelessness, and so you do. Ever since that money was left to you, you've seemed to want to go your own way."

"I will go my own way, too!" muttered the boy between his teeth. Bertha's quick ear caught the words, and she ventured to speak.

"Father, Robert didn't lock the barn, because John told him not to, till he came home."

"Oh, John told him not to, did he? How long since John took it upon himself to issue his orders? I think I am the one to be obeyed on these premises," was the quick rejoinder, and then the girl was silenced.

"I suppose John told him not to put up the rails, also?" the farmer added, as if unwilling to end the controversy.

"John said nothing to me about that; I simply forgot it," said Robert, sullenly.

"Of course you forgot it! You're always forgetting. If rubber could be tied on to your memory to stretch it a little, it would be better for you. I don't forget; if I did, I wonder where you would be?"

Aunt Mary looked at her brother over her spectacles. Her usually mild face quivered with excitement.

"Brother," she said, in a tone of dismay.

"Of course you'd take sides against me! The boy has always been excused. His mother made a fool of him, and his sister ditto. By and by I shan't be allowed to speak in my own house."

Robert threw down the book which he had taken up again with an angry gesture, and stalked out of the room. He was a tall, good-looking boy of eighteen, large of his age, and clumsy in his movements. The farmer made as if he would call him back, but settled himself in his chair again, and frowned.

"The fact is, since his uncle left him that five thousand dollars," said Farmer Macy, "the boy hasn't been worth his salt to me!"

"O father, you—"

"Silence!" said the old man, testily. "I tell you he is doing nothing but longing for the time when he is twenty-one, and can put his hands on that money. Castle-building and reading, that's what he gives his time to, and me slaving like a dog."

"It's a great pity," said Aunt Mary, and she spoke in her slow, sweet way, so that one could hardly imagine there was the least touch of sarcasm in what she said, "that George didn't leave the money to you!"

"Oh, you think so, do you?" said the farmer, his heavy features lighting up. "Look what I could have done with five thousand dollars—and the place needing improvement so much! Yes, even one thousand would set me up! And to think of all that money lying idle, for Robert to come into, and spend as he pleases. He'll go off as soon as he gets it."

"That depends upon how you treat him, my son," said Grandma Macy, looking up and resting her needles.

"Treat him?" and the farmer leaned forward, glaring at them all. "Don't I give him a roof and clothes and food? Would you have me knuckle to the boy, to my own son, because he is coming into possession of a little paltry money? A pretty father I should be!"

Grandma Macy's needles clicked on, and Aunt Mary looked thoughtfully at the fire. The old-fashioned clock that had ticked in its ancient corner for over seventy years struck nine.

Bertha had slipped out of the room, gone through the kitchen, and up the back stairs. The wind was rising, and the rain, which had just begun to fall, drove heavily against the window panes on the upper landing. The girl moved swiftly down the narrow passage in the dark, toward a door at the further end, through the keyhole of which came a

faint light. Here she stopped, and tried the latch of the door. It did not let her in.

"Robert!" she called. "Robert!"

"What is it, Bertha? I can't come down again, and I'd rather be alone."

"But I want to speak to you. Oh, Robert, won't you let me in?"

"It's no use; I won't come down."

"No, you needn't; nobody has sent for you. I—I just wanted to see you."

"Well, here I am," and the door opened suddenly, so that the girl who was leaning against it almost fell into the room. She recovered herself, however, and stood there looking at her brother with pitiful eyes.

"I wish I knew what to do," she said, and ended with a long-drawn sigh.

"I know what to do," was the boy's rejoinder, and he set his mouth sternly, so that there was in his face a curious resemblance to the old man downstairs.

"You won't do anything wrong, Robert, I know you won't," she said, clasping her hands. "I'm sure father means to do everything for the best. Try not to mind."

"I do try, I have tried, but it's no use. Think I can't see? Father is mad because that money is coming to me, instead of him. I wish Uncle George had never left it to me; I could have got along without it. It only makes me wretched all the time, the way father treats me, and I'm tired of it."

"But, dear Robert, every one sees—I mean," she added, checking herself—"you have grandma and me, who love you dearly! Don't that make up to you for these little crosses? Father, though he is so rough, loves you very dearly; he is proud of you, but something has made him irritable of late, and—"

"Yes, ever since Uncle George died and left me that money," said Robert.

"And you know he has been making improvements on the farm. Perhaps he has got into debt."

"Well, that's not my fault," said Robert. "I believe in myself you wish that money had gone to him or you."

"O Robert!"

"Forgive me, Bertha! I know how girls feel about such things, and it's only natural that you should want to help father, but I tell you candidly, if I had the money to-morrow, I wouldn't lay out a cent on this miserable old place. I hate it, and I'm tired of being treated like a child of five years old! All my faults and errors talked over, no matter who's by! I'm not going to stand it any longer. If he can't be reasonable, he must get some one besides me to vent his spite on."

"O Robert, what are you saying?"

"Just what I mean. I won't stand it! It's bad enough to be cooped up in this old country place, and then to be tyrannized over from morning till night! What good does it do? I can't touch the money till I'm of age, even if I felt like giving it all to him."

"If you only won't mind it, dear, I'll do everything I can to make you happy."

"You're awfully kind, Bertha, and you do all you can now, but don't you suppose I see how uncomfortable he makes you all feel on my account? Come, you're shivering with the cold. Take my candle and go to bed; I've got another, and we'll talk it all over some other time."

Reluctantly Bertha obeyed, waiting only to kiss her brother good-night. When she reached her room she blew out the candle, folded a wrapper about her, and sat down in the little splint rocker, to think.

She felt as keenly as Robert did, her father's injustice, but what could she do? She had no mother to go to, and her grandmother was too loyal to her son to blame him in words. She could not talk to her father; he would have turned upon her as he had before, with the bitter taunt that she encouraged her brother in his idleness, and excused all his short-comings.

The clock struck eleven and found her still sitting up, trying to solve this problem, how to keep her brother from any rash act that he would regret in after life. Straining her ears to listen, she thought she heard the creaking of a door.

It rained hard now. She could see the tops of the trees moving in the wind, dark as it was.

A sudden terror seized her. That certainly was not the rain nor the wind, but the familiar creak of the heavy chain against the front door. She ran to her brother's room, her heart beating heavily, called him, but no answer came. Groping her way to the bed, she felt over it. Robert was not there—the bed had not been touched.

She could have screamed for terror, but she had learned, long before this, to master her impulses, and she crept downstairs, to find the front door unfastened. Unheeding rain and wind, she ran out in the darkness to the gate, which was also unfastened. Watch the dog, was gone—he must have followed his young master.

As loudly as she dared, she called her brother's name, and then, sure that he was by this time out of hearing, she ran back to the house, found a shawl in the hall-closet, and left the house, shutting the door behind her, softly.

The next train was due at half-past eleven o'clock.

Robert must be waiting at the little station in the woods, half a mile away. The rain beat heavily, the wind blew so fiercely that she caught her breath with difficulty. The path was hard to keep. Occasionally she staggered in among the thick bushes on either side the narrow foot way, and once something bounded across the road, but before she could give way to fright, she felt the cold nose of Watch against her hand.

"O Watch, where is Robert? Carry me to him!" she cried, somewhat reassured now that she had a protector. Presently she stumbled against the platform of the little station, that rose like a huge black shadow before her.

"Robert! Robert! It is I, Bertha; are you here? O Robert, don't leave me!"

"Are you crazy, Bertha? and such a thing as this! You will get your death—how dared you come through these woods?"

"I came after you, Robert, you must go back—you must! It's awfully selfish in you to run off, and father will be broken-hearted if you do. Can't you bear as much as I can't and I only a girl? See, I'm wet through and through, and cold and frightened, but I won't mind it if you'll only come home. If you won't, I'll stay out in the storm all night. How can I go back and tell them you stole out of the house like a thief

## THE STREETS OF MOSCOW

### QUAINT SCENES AND INCIDENTS ABOUT A RUSSIAN CITY.

#### An Army of Beggars—Odd Signs—Peculiarities of the Houses—Water Carriers.

Strange city that of Moscow! A traveler writing from there says the houses are mostly of but one story, with the floors level with the sidewalk. In nearly every window flowers are kept to prevent passers from gazing into the apartments. One of the first things impressing a visitor is the large number of beggars soliciting alms for religious purposes and the large amount of money given to that end. Both men and women beg for the church, they dressing alike in long black gowns, with round caps and veils. People generally respond to these petitions, if only the smallest copper piece is given, while merchants and nobles frequently endow churches and monasteries. At what is called the Iversky Gate, located in the busiest part of the city, is a little chapel, in which is an old and popular image, known as the "Iversky Mother of God," before which a throng of worshippers is constantly kneeling. Often the image is taken away to heal the sick and bless new houses, in which case a copy is put up; but be it original or substitute, all classes, even to the Emperor himself when in Moscow, stop for a moment to pray. Blessed candles are sold at the entrance, and from them and the contributions about \$50,000 a year is realized.

The peculiar street signs are another thing attracting special attention from the stranger. Nearly every one shows alterations in smaller letters than those first used. The name of the law giving the police authority to regulate signs, and the succeeding correction of bad spelling and other inaccuracies. Pictorial signs are in great favor, and every article in household use and for family consumption can be seen painted on the shop doors and fronts of the buildings. Family residences are painted in white or yellow. Brick is not used for building, but houses are constructed of squared logs, nicely fitted together, with the cracks caulked with oakum. The exterior is then boarded and still further covered with thick felt, and over a coat of white stucco plaster. As may be imagined, the interiors are snug and comfortable. There are no cellars under the houses, but small caves are dug in the ground in the courtyards. These are filled with ice in the winter, and are used for keeping meat and game through the summer. The houses have another peculiarity in seldom having a door open on the street, but into the court surrounded by a high fence. The gates are barred at night, and the doorkeeper or "doorman" sits on a bench in front to let people in and out. The "doorman" is a useful person. He keeps the court clean, sees to buying wood, shovels snow off the walk in winter and sweeps it in summer. In warm weather, if the pavement is dusty, he sprinkles it with a dipper and pail of water. He collects rents, sees to repairs, and will act as gardener if necessary. Gardens are attached to nearly every house.

Among the earliest movers on the streets in the morning are the water-carriers, who seem always busy. Moscow is supplied with water from springs twelve miles away, but it is brought only to the large fountains in the street squares, and the pipes are rarely laid to the houses. It is necessary to bring all the water for household use from one of these fountains and distribute it to their customers, who pay something like 30 cents to 40 cents a month for it. Everything about these fountains and water-carriers is so primitive that there are not even antipost-cocks or hose, and each man must fill his own barrel with a long-handled dipper. The carriers become so expert in handling the dippers that they keep an almost continuous stream going from the fountain to the reservoirs carried. In case of a fire there is always trouble. The engines are small and with but little force. They are drawn by horses, with half a dozen men to each machine, but no sooner does everything get into working shape than the water gives out. All the water for the engine is brought in a large cask mounted on wheels, similar to a water sprinkler, and these casks must be constantly renewed. There is not in all Moscow a cistern for fire purposes, and though the city is provided with water pipes, there is not a single hydrant. Every water cask must go to the fountain to be filled. In spite of these ridiculous appearances, the firemen are drilled, and look neat in their brass helmets, high boots and coarse gray clothes, and are far more efficient than one would suppose. Unless the flames get under too much headway they are usually checked before doing serious damage, but otherwise it is thought a good thing if a spread is prevented.

Street vendors are everywhere with every variety of offerings. All kinds of fruit, brushes, baskets, tinuse bread, vegetables, cold tea, everything is hawked about by men and boys on foot. Italian organ-grinders are also plenty and bands of singing gypsies are often met. The latter go in bands of about a dozen women and half a dozen men, and are at hand in nearly all the cafes. Their music has something weird and unearthly about it, and is at the same time fascinating. The accompaniment is usually by guitars thumbed in a most unusual way and yet with a certain pleasing effect. What is much liked is the dancing. A girl and a young man rise and face each other, singing alternate stanzas, while the rest sing a quick, lively chorus. The two circle slowly about each other with a parallel waving of their hands. Suddenly the girl begins to tremble, first with her hands and then with her whole body. The music becomes quicker and quicker, and wilder and wilder, until her whole frame is one tremor, and she sinks exhausted into the arms of her partner amidst the involuntary applause of the spectators.

The very latest thing now is to wear gloves with silk woven material inserted between the fingers in place of leather. It is a new idea, just over, and the advantage of it is said to be that the silk, contracting and expanding, keeps the glove in proper shape much longer than the ordinary way of making it.

That is talent to-day," says Grant Allen, "would have been genius yesterday. What is genius to-day will be but talent as men reckon to-morrow."

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Vassar has a prohibition club. Simplicity rules in floral decorations. Horseback riding is a craze in Washington. Women's new coats are either very long or very short. New Orleans has the only woman's club in the South. The banjo is still a favorite instrument in English society. There are 16,000 women in the English Liberal Association. A woman has been licensed as a vessel captain in New York. Walking gowns of simple pattern are made of heavy checked tweed. There have been no changes in the fashions in China for centuries. Amelie Rives-Chandler, the novelist, is painting a picture of her husband. The St. Marks Railroad in Florida is reported to have a lady conductor. For use with special costumes muffs are now made of the same material. Pumpkin yellow is the title of a gorgeous hue, just now very popular. The Red Riding Hood cloak is worn by little girls under eight years of age. Yellow, cinnamon and pink-tinted diamonds are much sought after just now. The fur collarettes with square tabs which were worn last year, are still in vogue. A national convention of women will be held to consider the question of domestic labor. Black veils covered with heavy black spots are worn, hanging loose from the front of the hat. Watches are again worn by the fashionable folk, not only as a convenience, but as an ornament. Small gilt hairpins with round loops at the ends are liked by many ladies for dressing the hair. Delicate shades of gray, relieved with pink or blue trimmings, are fashionable for young women. Jewelry set with pearls is much worn, and pearls are as fashionable for young brides as diamonds. Parisian shoemakers concede the American woman's foot to be the handsomest in the world. Black stockings are worn by little girls upon all occasions, without regard to the material of the dress. Directoire tea gowns are seen in various combinations of color, but oftenest in a color over white. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Alabama declares itself opposed to female suffrage. The redingote or polonaise effect is noted in every style of costume, from a ball dress to a tea gown. Chantilly is preferred to all other black laces this season. It is, however, seldom used with light colors. A fashionable novelty in jewelry is a set of earrings made of tiny oyster shells held together by a pearl or diamond. Well known veterinary surgeons are continually being called upon to attend the canine pets of fashionable women. The Newmarket is a popular cloak for very cold weather. It is made of heavy goods suited to keep the wearer warm. Habits are somewhat longer than they have been of late. A tendency to velvet collars is to be observed in the bodices. A novel idea which is popular with a few young women is the wearing of a feather boa attached to the wide brimmed hat. Miss Fanny M. Bagley, formerly managing editor of the St. Louis Chronicle, is now editing the News in San Diego, Cal. Masculine-looking tailor-made costumes, with double breasted bodices and man's collar and scarf, are still worn in London. Brilliant colors are not popular for young ladies. Evening gowns are made up in neutral and pale hues, gray being the favorite. Wool balmoral skirts, faced half a yard deep, inside and out, with waterproof tweed, are worn by English ladies in wet weather. Amer. can girls are very much admired in London, some on account of their pink faces, and others on account of their greenbacks. A Chinese girl took the highest honors of her class in the Woman's Medical College in New York. She could converse and write in five languages. Des Moines, Iowa, has a school named in honor of Louisa Alcott, and it has recently been presented with a life-size portrait of that writer's mother. The question of admitting a lady to practice at the bar has been raised in Belgium, and for the time being has been answered in the negative. Colored stones, as a rule, appear in association with a diamond or a white pearl, and, when set in cluster, the white gem becomes the central one. Miss Emily Faithfull is out in a strong condemnation of the so-called exchanges for women's work. She says that they tend to make women more dependent. A favorite ring is one in slender gold setting, containing a small but fine gem. A ring of gold rope, tied in a tiny knot on top and set with a gem, is attractive. Nearly 3500 patents have been granted to women. The majority are for inventions of household and dress articles, but a surprising number are of a sterner character. The position of inspector of lace manufacture in Ireland was recently made vacant by the death of the occupant. The English Government has appointed a lady to fill the vacancy. The word trousseau no longer points exclusively to matrimonial garments, but is now used to indicate any particular selection of costumes, whether for summer, winter, seaside, or for traveling. Jane Cobden, the daughter of the famous Richard Cobden, of England, says that the Women's Liberal Association of England number more than 18,000 members, and have become a powerful influence. One of the latest fads of fashion is for ladies to carry a stick. Miss Turnure and Miss Camilla Moss can be met almost any morning on Fifth Avenue, New York, taking a constitutional, with a slender cane in hand.



## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

### STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

#### The Conqueror Conquered—Breaking the News—Actively Engaged—Costly Specimens, Etc.

In southern archipelagos had fought the bloody cannibal; He'd skinned and tanned the crocodile and found him very tannable; Not a word of fear had uttered, not a word and not a syllable; When he killed the Bengal tiger, and he found him very killable.

He claimed his strength was very great, for hears and lions suitable; He used to boast the grizzly bear, and found him very loatable; He claimed in killing monstrous snakes that he was very capable; No boa constrictor could escape, for he was unescapable.

In fighting hippopotami, he said he was invincible; No jaguar could make him wince, because he wasn't winceable; He made the ramping elephant no longer recognizable; And pulverized the roaring bull, and found him pulverizable.

Just then his wife came in and said: "I'd think it quite commendable; If you'd come and tend the baby, and you'll find him very tannable." The way she took him by the ear will make this poem readable; She pulled him out and led him home, and found him very loatable.

—S. W. Post, in *Yankee Blade*.

#### Breaking the News.

Mrs. Crosby—"My dear, I want to ask you what you think of Jack Whadley. He has been paying Lulu marked attention, lately." Papa—"I think he must have turned over a new leaf. It's the first thing he ever paid in his life!"

#### Actively Engaged.

Smith—"There are about \$10,000 worth of counterfeit twenty-five cent pieces in circulation." Jones—"Well, why don't the police stop it?"

Smith—"They can't find the counterfeiter." Jones—"Why not?"

Smith—"Why, he's all the time changing his quarters."—*Argosy*.

#### Costly Specimens.

McCrack—"I suppose that orchids are the most costly of plants. I see that sometimes as much as a thousand dollars is paid for one."

Junco—"Oh, no; they are not the costliest. How are known mining plants to cost a dozen times that sum."—*Time*.

#### He Was Not A Poet.

She—"George, which do you think I ought to say: 'The woods are beautiful, or the woods are beautiful?'"

He—"Neither; you ought to say: 'The woods are full of mosquitoes in summer, and dreariness in winter.'"—*Yankee Blade*.

#### Circumstantial Evidence.

"Miss Briggs made those slippers," remarked the parson's wife, as she glanced over the proceeds of the donation party.

"How do you know, dear?" asked the meek, long-suffering man.

"Because I recognize the old blue shawl she ripped up to get the worsted."

#### An Earnest Lover.

"You say Mr. Hankinson proposed to you last night, Irene? Why, I've had a standing offer from him for the last two years."

"Likely enough, Laura. He didn't make me any standing offer, though. It was all he could do to get off his knees when I refused him. He was in earnest this time, Laura."—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### No Material to Exercise On.

Doctor—"My poor man! You seem to be in a sad condition, indeed. What is your trouble?"

Cadaverous Individual—"Difficulty in swallowing."

Doctor—"Does it seem to be due to constriction of the throat?"

Cadaverous Individual—"No, it's due to not having anything to swallow."—*Burlington Free Press*.

#### Things Better Left Unsaid.

Enthusiastic Lady Visitor at a Winter Health Resort—"What a delightful place this is, Professor. And the baths, how perfect! I could bathe all day—couldn't you?"

The Professor—"Well, you see, I'm a resident, and that makes a difference."

Lady Visitor—"Ah! to be sure. I suppose you never think of taking a bath?"—*London Punch*.

#### Won on the Fourteenth Round.

"One moment, Mr. Sampson," she exclaimed with a distressed look, as he dropped to his knees, "I have already had twelve proposals this season, and yours will be the thirteenth—an unlucky number."

"True," he answered, as he rose to his feet, his face ashen; "but, oh! what am I to do?"

"Wait for a week, Mr. Sampson," she answered, shyly; "then come again."—*Bazar*.

#### An Apt Pupil.

Doctor—"The trouble with you is that you don't take enough exercise. Take more."

Blinks—"Thanks. How much do I owe you?"

Doctor—"Two dollars. Here is your change. Much obliged. Heigho! I don't feel very well myself."

Blinks—"You take too much exercise, doctor. Take less. Two dollars, please."—*New York Weekly*.

#### Opening His Heart.

Mr. Skinnphint to little relative whom he is showing about the city—"Well, ohany, this is about the right kind of a store. What do you think you would like for a present?"

Johnny—"timidly, but expectantly"—"I ain't particular. Anything you please, uncle."

Mr. Skinnphint (with great heartiness, to clerk)—"Young fellow, a cent's worth of your best chewing gum."—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### Small Practice.

Young Doctor—"Yes, I expect it will go pretty slow when I first open an office until I get started a little."

Old Doctor—"Well, you bet it will."

Why, when I first hung out my shingle, I sat in my office for three months and only had one case."

"Where? That was pretty rough, wasn't it? Only one case; and what was that a case of?"

"A case of instruments."

#### An Unsuccessful Flax-dropper.

First Boy—"I hid under the sofa the other evening to listen to what young Smith would say to my sister."

Second Boy—"What did he say?"

First Boy—"He only talked about religion and kicked me about twenty times on the head."

Second Boy—"He knew you were there, I guess."

First Boy—"I'm afraid he suspected it."—*Time*.

#### Struck Gas.

Briggs—"Let me congratulate you, old fellow."

Quimby (surprised)—"Why?"

Briggs—"Oh, I heard about your good luck."

Quimby (more surprised)—"Good luck? What good luck?"

Briggs—"Oh, you needn't pretend it's nothing. I heard you'd struck gas."

Quimby (sadly)—"Oh, you must have misunderstood. I only hit a St. Louis drummer in the mouth."—*Drake's Magazine*.

#### He Deceived Her.

Servant—"Mrs. Buckrag's little boy is at the back door and says he would like to borrow your tin kettle a little while to fetch some water."

Missus—"Oh, well, let him have it; he's a nice little boy and will be careful of it, I'm sure."

Presently a combination of dog and tin kettle was heard on the street and there was great commotion.

Missus (angrily)—"Bridget, never let that miserable little buckrag boy in the yard again."—*Epoch*.

#### Full Particulars Later.

Anxious Wife (telegraphing home from Eastern city)—"Dear John, I see by the despatches from Chicago this morning that you were driven into some corner and caught by a slump and badly succeeded. What kind of an animal is a slump? Shall I cut short my visit? Are you much hurt?"

Grain elevator (answering)—"Dear Maria, Yes. Badly used up. Tell you what a slump is when I see you. Come home at once—on an emigrant ticket."

—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### No Postage Stamps.

Old Man—"If that young idiot in the parlor ain't got sense enough to make shorter calls, he might as well be of some use. Ask him if he can spare me a postage stamp."

Daughter (after a trip to the parlor)—"He says he's very sorry, but he called at the postoffice to-day to renew his supply of postage stamps, but he hadn't anything smaller than a five hundred dollar bill in his vest pocket, and they couldn't change that."

"Eh! By Jinks! Well, you nunny, go back to the parlor. Don't you know better than to leave your company alone like that?"—*New York Weekly*.

#### Experimental Engagement Rings.

Young man (confidentially)—"I want to see some of your solitaire rings."

Jeweler—"Engagement ring, I presume."

Young Man—"Yes, sir."

Jeweler—"Here's just the thing you want, Alaska stone, rolled plate, and warranted for a year."

Young Man—"But I want a real stone."

Jeweler—"Of course. As I was going to say, we give one of the plated rings along with each real stone. They are exact duplicates. If the engagement is a success, it is very easy to substitute the real for the imitation."—*Terre Haute Express*.

#### Shook Hands as Brothers.

"Confound your awkwardness," growled the man whose corns had been stepped on.

"I beg your pardon," answered the offender, "but I think you were as much to blame as I was. You stepped directly in my way."

"Do you claim the whole sidewalk, sir, as yours? Has everyone got to get out of the way when you come along?"

"Sir, I have apologized to you for the accident. If you want any further satisfaction I shall be happy to accommodate you at any time. Here is my card."

(Reads)—"K. K. Guppins, Manufacturer of Railway Lamps. Do you make these lamps they use in the cars?"

"I do, sir."

(With emotion)—"My dear friend, permit me grasp your hand! I am a spectacle peddler!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### He Traveled at Once.

He had been wondering for some time how he could escape from the toils that were gently creeping round him, and break the spell of soft converse and witching eyes. An opportunity came at last. As she ended a spirited description of her journey through the Alps, she said, impulsively:

"Oh, Mr. Slopace, I think you ought to travel!"

He looked at her rigidly, rose slowly, and grasped his hat.

"No woman shall say that twice to me," he remarked, in a firm and desperate voice; "I knew it was after 11 o'clock; but I thought—that is—I hoped—no matter. Farewell, Miss Phineweb—I will travel!" And he did, with alacrity.

#### What a "Close Shave" Means.

Do you know what a close shave means? I never did until I looked at a face the other day through a microscope which had been treated to this luxurious process. Why, the entire skin resembled a piece of raw beef. To make the face perfectly smooth requires not only the removal of the hair, but also a portion of the cuticle, and a close shave means the removal of a layer of the skin all around. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each little quivering mouth holding a minute blood drop protests against such cruel treatment. The nerve tips are also uncovered, and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy. This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a person liable to have colds, hoarseness and sore throats. —*San Francisco Echo*.

## SELECT SIFTINGS.

An ex-slave was buried recently in Philadelphia in a \$1000 coffin.

The lightning-rod was the biggest humbug of the nineteenth century.

There are several towns in England where they yet ring the curfew bell.

Alexander the Great died at Babylon, B. C. 323, at the age of thirty-three.

Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded at Fotheringhay Castle, in February 1587.

James Kane, of Connecticut, fired at a cat in the darkness and killed a \$50 cow.

No Laplander has ever written a song, and no Finlander has ever written a book.

A new temple to the Chinese Joss has been dedicated in Mott street, New York city.

Titian, considered by many the prince of colorists, was born at Venice in 1477 and died in 1576.

It takes \$20,000 a year to dine the officers of Queen Victoria's guard, on duty at St. James Palace.

There are in India about two hundred separate species of snakes, but only thirty-three of these are poisonous.

A prominent citizen of Fresno, Cal., has started a "possum farm." He has procured a car load of the animals from Missouri.

Superstition is made to pay tribute to a fashionable New York jeweler, who advertises amber necklaces "to prevent croup in children."

A sea captain on trial in San Francisco for cruelty said it was necessary to good discipline to knock a sailor down with a belaying pin now and then.

Among the Chinese heaven is odd, earth is even, and the numbers one, three, five, seven, nine belong to heaven, while the even digits are of the earth earthly.

A thief at Dubuque, Iowa, stole a barrel of eggs, but because the warrant did not specify that they were hens' eggs instead of goose, or bird, or alligator eggs, he was turned loose.

An Atchison (Kan.) man has attained considerable local reputation as a mortuary prophet. He has predicted the demise of a number of people, and in every case his prophecies were speedily fulfilled.

A botanical exploring party from Germany recently discovered on one of the Philippine Islands a number of plants whose flowers were almost a yard in diameter, the petals, five in number, being oval and of a creamy white shade.

Out of fifty people at a Cincinnati banquet thirteen would not eat venison, ten would not touch turkey, eighteen would have nothing to do with salads, fifteen refused coffee, twenty-eight let cheese alone and not over twenty would eat cake.

A peculiar dwelling at Somerville, about three miles from Boston, is appropriately called the "round house," being perfectly circular in plan. It was built about thirty-five years ago by an eccentric hardware dealer, who resolved that his house should not be a mere repetition of the work of others.

A Hindu god is offered for sale in London. Its throne was at Delhi and it is female pilgrims flocked for more than a thousand years. It ceased to be an object of worship about the year 1193.

The divinity is of gold, incrustated with precious stones and is set round with priceless gems called the "sacred charm."

A hawk dived into a lot of ducks in a cove on Moosehead Lake. He got his claws into one, and together they disappeared under water. It was more than a minute before the hawk rose to the surface nearly drowned, and with a labored effort he got away; not, however, until other ducks tried to force him again under water.

#### The Turks as Soldiers.

Mr. Villiers, the English war correspondent, scents the battle from afar off even now. He is convinced that sooner or later Britain will have to submit the question of the Russian advance on India to the arbitration of the sword.

Like many Englishmen, he is doubtful, very doubtful, of the result. Mr. Villiers regrets that England did not clutch Turkey when she had the chance to do so, not because of the added wealth that the Turkish possessions would give to Britain, but because of the splendid qualities of the Turkish soldier. In his appreciation of these qualities, he agrees with every war correspondent who has seen the Turks in battle. The First Napoleon said of the British army: "Give me these men with French officers, and I shall conquer the world." So of the Turkish soldier, Villiers says: "Give me this fighting material, under British officers, and the advantage to us would be tremendous." But the Turkish soldier is not wholly dependent upon his officer. "I have seen them," said Villiers, "when their leaders were shot down, continue to press forward with irresistible fury. Not so with the Russian soldier, when his officer is disabled; he stands still, and at a loss. The Russian is dominant in both armies. The Russian fights for his God and his church, and the Turk fights for his God and his church. And this is one of the greatest difficulties that Britain, with its volunteer army, would have to meet in a conflict with Russia and its impressed army. Though dragged to unwilling service, the Russian soldiers, by conviction and training, are steeped in a superstition that makes them regardless of death."—*New York Tribune*.

#### Thermometers.

A thermometer is made and adjusted by heating water to the boiling point, placing the glass bulb in the boiling water and then filling it with mercury, spirits or ether till it rises in the tube to 212 degrees—the boiling point. The freezing would answer the purpose equally well for adjusting a thermometer, but it is not used, because a temperature of 32 degrees is much more easily obtained than one of thirty-two degrees.

There are three thermometrical scales in general use in different parts of the world. All English-speaking people make use of a scale invented by a German by the name of Fahrenheit, and named after him. The Germans tell us, however, that it was a scale invented by a Frenchman named Reaumur, while the French, Italians and others ascertain the temperature by a scale founded upon the metric system and called centigrade.

## HINTS FOR EMERGENCIES.

### WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF SUDDEN HEMORRHAGES.

#### Valuable Suggestions as to the Treatment of Persons Bleeding From Cuts or Other Injuries.

Mayor W. H. Gardner, port surgeon at the Washington (D. C.) barracks, recently delivered a lecture on hemorrhages and their treatment. It should be known in the first place, he said in the *Star's* report, and always remembered, that the arteries are the tubes which carry the blood from the heart to all parts of the body, while the veins conduct the blood from the extremities back to the heart. The wounding of these blood vessels are the most common injuries to which mankind is liable, and when the rupture pertains to the arteries the result is speedily fatal if not subjected to immediate and proper treatment.

Suppose that one should be cut in the arm, which is so often the case when, in a difficulty, one is warding off the blow of an assailant. If a blood vessel is severed the victim turns pale, sickens at the stomach, a cold, clammy sweat collects on the brow, and the pulse weakens and runs up from seventy to eighty to 120. What should be done. Avoid excitement, crowding the patient or giving a stimulant. In nine cases out of ten mistaken kindness administers liquor, which of all things is the worst, as it excites the heart to vigorous action and increases the flow of blood. Bear this in mind always, he said. If the blood is bright red and comes from the wound in interrupted spurts it is from the artery, and a compress, or tourniquet, should be placed above or between the wound and heart. A compress can be easily made by twisting a handkerchief and tying a heavy knot in the center and then tying the handkerchief loosely around the arm, placing the knot first directly over the artery, which, it will be found, runs down the inside of the arm. A cane or short stick, or in the army, a bayonet, will answer, should be run through the bight or loop on the outside of the arm, and the handkerchief drawn so tightly by twisting the stick that the pressure of the knot will stop the flow of blood until the arrival of a physician. Should the blood be dark scarlet, or pour from the wound in a steady stream, it is from a vein, and the compress should be placed below the wound and on the outside of the arm. It is often necessary to place a compress on both the inner side and outer side of the arm.

A stab in the back is nearly always fatal if a blood vessel is cut, owing to the difficulty of getting at the vessel to stop the flow of blood. In such cases the work of a surgeon is all that can avail anything, and too often even that is unsuccessful.

Thigh, leg, or foot wounds, when blood vessels are severed, are treated much in the same way as the arm. Cuts on the inside of the thigh or leg are most dangerous, as there the femoral, or main artery, lies exposed, and unless compressed at once a man would be dead in ten minutes. The position of the femoral artery can be ascertained by feeling with the hand, as its pulsations are in unison with the throbbings of the heart. General Packenham, who commanded the English forces at the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815, was wounded through this artery and bled to death before a surgeon could arrive.

The artery of the leg divides just before the knee joint into three smaller vessels, and in case of hemorrhage from cuts or otherwise it is best, he said, to apply the compress directly and firmly over the wound. The same rule obtains in wounds of the hands and feet. Hemorrhages of the head, chest and abdomen are almost universally fatal, for the reason that it is difficult to get at the severed vessels to stop the flow or to ligature them, or from the laceration of some viscous whose integrity is necessary to life, or from inflammation from the passage of a projectile or weapon. At the same time, however, ministrations to the afflicted should not cease until the victim is inevitably dead, for in many instances injuries which at first sight seem to be necessarily fatal have been recovered from.

Dr. Gardner cited as an example his personal observation of the body of the late General Farnsworth, on which he counted thirty-two scars received in battle from shell, shot, swords, and bayonets, many of them seemingly fatal, though he recovered and lived to die quietly in his bed as a Christian. He also personally knew General Schuyler Hamilton, who, when aide to General Scott during the Mexican war, was, while carrying an order, pierced through the body by a Mexican lance, the weapon entering the back just below the right kidney and emerging from the front of the abdomen. He recovered and served in the war.

Perhaps the most wonderful instance of recovery was that of a man working on a railroad in Massachusetts. While ramming a blast in a rock the powder was ignited and a premature explosion ensued, blowing the steel rammer about two feet long and one inch thick, through his head, entering below the left eye and coming out at the top of his head. He recovered, went to California and was in business there many years. When he died he willed his skull to Dr. Henry Bigelow, the attending physician, and it is now in the medical museum at Harvard.

#### The Texas Pony.

The most inexperienced horseman will not have to walk around the animal twice in order to tell a Texas pony; that is, one who is full bred, with no admixture. He has fine deer-like legs, a very long body, with a pronounced roach just forward of the coupling, and possibly a "glass eye" and a Pinto hide.

Any old cowboy will point him out as the only creature suitable for his purposes. Hard to break, because he has any amount of latent devil in his disposition, he does not break his legs or fall over backward in the "pitching" process as does the "cayuse" of the Northwest. I think he is small and shrewd up like a Mexican because of his dry, hot habitat, over which he has to walk many miles to get his dinner. But, in compensation, he can cover leagues of his native plains, bearing a seemingly disproportionate large man, with as ease both to himself and to his rider which is little short of miraculous.

#### Household Affairs.

### How to Cleanse Chamol's Leather.

Make a solution of weak soda and warm water, rub plenty of soft soap into the leather, and allow it to remain in soak for two hours; then rub it well in until it is quite clean. Afterward rinse it well in a weak solution composed of warm water, soda and yellow soap. It must not be rinsed in water only, for then it would be so hard when dry as to be unfit for use. It is the small quantity of soap left in the leather that allows the finer particles of the leather to separate and become soft like silk. After rinsing wring it well in a rough towel and dry quickly, then pull it about and brush it well, and it will become softer and better than most new leather. —*Detroit Free Press*.

### How to Wash Blankets.

I utilized some of the bright, sunny weather of a recent week to wash my blankets. I used, to me, a new method, with very satisfactory results. For three blankets I used one pint of soft soap and two tablespoonsful of powdered borax, dissolved in boiling water. Then I added this solution to a half-filled tub of cold water, large enough to contain the blankets, and left them stand twelve hours entirely covered with the solution. I then squeezed and rubbed them thoroughly, but did not wring them. I put them in a basket over another tub to drain, rinsed in clean cold water, and drained again. I put a little blue in a final rinse, drained again and hung out to dry. By using cold water and not wringing, my blankets did not shrink, but when dry were smooth and white. —*Prairie Farmer*.

### Game for Invalids.

A way that is highly recommended for preparing game for invalids is as follows: After being properly prepared boil a fine young bird until it is three parts cooked, then remove the skin, pick all the flesh from the bones and pound it in a mortar with a little of the liquid in which it was boiled, three tablespoonsful of finely sifted bread crumbs, a teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, a sufficient seasoning of salt and a grating of nutmeg. When pounded to a perfectly smooth paste, put the mixture into a saucepan with a little more of the liquid, and let it simmer gently for ten minutes. When finished the pomade should be slightly thicker than good cream. It will keep quite fresh and sweet for three or four days, and can be heated a few spoonfuls at a time and served poured over a slice of nice crisp, hot toast, or in a very tiny dish with sippets of toast inserted round about. Nothing more quickly destroys the capricious appetite of an invalid than having a large dish of anything, no matter how daintily set before them; they require to eat often but only a little at a time. —*Boston City*.

### How to Cook a Potato.

The cooking of a potato is a test of the cook's skill. She, or he, may make pastry that will melt in the mouth, salads that inspire verse, and brown gravies that are the envy of all, but if the potato comes to the table a heavy, sodden ball, or a nasty, discolored mass, we know that the education of that cook is not complete.

In the first place the potatoes should be carefully peeled, and the shape that nature gave them preserved, instead of chipping off the outside until they look like obelisks with which to illustrate some geometrical problem. Those that must be cut because of imperfections can be cooked and laid aside for warming up. After they are peeled they should lie for a while in cold water, and when put to boil, which should be just half an hour before they are to be served, should be put into boiling water; after boiling about fifteen or twenty minutes a handful of salt should be sprinkled over them. There should not be too much water, just enough to cover them, and should not boil too rapidly, as the outside will fall off. The dish in which they are to be served should be well warmed and a napkin laid in the bottom. As soon as the potatoes are done, carefully lift them from the boiling water into the dish by placing a kitchen fork under them, and at once put a warm napkin over them and let them stand two or three or five minutes, then remove the top napkin and serve them, and you have a delicious, white, mealy ball that is an ornament to any dinner table, and a guest will be sure to ask: "Where do you buy such delicious potatoes?"—*Springfield Republican*.

### Recipes.

SWEET BISCUITS.—Two cups sugar, two cups butter, the whites of two eggs well beaten, one-half cup sour milk, one-half teaspoon of soda and flour enough to roll; sprinkle with sugar.

CREAM PIE.—Beat one egg with one-half cup of sugar, stir in nearly a pint of boiling milk, in which dissolve one and a half tablepoons of cornstarch; let cool and add lemon essence. Bake with one crust.

SARATOGA CHIPS.—Thinly peel and slice; let stand in salted water twenty minutes; take out, drain and dry on a napkin; separate the slices and drop a handful at a time in boiling lard; stir with a fork until a light brown or crisp, as desired; skim out, drain well and serve. Use cold potatoes.

GINGER NUTS.—One cup of brown sugar, one of molasses, one of boiling water in which a heaping teaspoon of soda has been dissolved, the bulk of an egg in beef drippings or butter, a table-spoonful of ginger and nutmeg; yolks of two eggs, and flour to make a stiff batter, which may be dropped with a spoon on to a tin.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Two eggs well beaten, one table-spoonful mustard, one table-spoonful pepper, two table-spoonfuls salt, four table-spoonfuls melted butter, six table-spoonfuls sweet milk, one table-spoonful vinegar. Stir all on the stove until it thickens like custard. When cold mix with finely chopped cabbage. Extract of celery or a little celery salt is an improvement to those who like celery.

PICKLED BEETS.—Pickled beets are a delicious relish to keep conveniently on hand. Boil tender half a peck of beets. They should cook at least two hours slowly. When thoroughly done allow a slice of raw onion to every beet. Slice them into a jar, put in a table-spoonful of horse radish, six cloves and a table-spoonful of whole peppercorns to every half dozen beets. Pour boiling vinegar over them and set them away. When cold cover.

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# Arlington Advocate

Office:  
Swan's Block, Arlington Ave.

Published every Friday afternoon, by  
**CHARLES S. PARKER,**  
Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$200. SINGLE COPIES, CTS.

Arlington, Feb'y 8, 1889.

ADVERTISING RATES.  
Leading Notices, per line, 75 cents  
Social Notices, 15 "  
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "  
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "  
Marriages and Deaths—free.

## Division of Medford.

The justness of the claim of the people of West Medford for separate town government finds its strongest proof in the spirit with which these persistent and patient efforts are met to-day. Last Saturday's Mercury says of a fact in regard to the matter given in these columns the week previous, that ours "is one of those papers which fail to grasp the situation, seeing only one side of the question, and, as usual, the smallest side at that."

Our brother editor is wrong. We are aware there are two sides to the question, for we have seen, at least, that much. The indifference to the welfare of the west village, the utter disregard of the wishes of the majority of the citizens of that section of the town, both by the officers and when the town was convened in legal meetings, until the citizens of West Medford moved energetically in the matter of a separate township, were patent to the most casual observer, and we were more than that. In all that has since transpired (much intended to allay the feeling of dissatisfaction at West Medford has been done these few years past) there has been too little disposition to acknowledge that every thing was not as it should have been in former times, to cultivate the fraternal spirit which is the real bond of union in large towns with considerable outlying villages.

Again, the people of the centre, accustomed from generation to generation to the blight of the great "Medford Rum" distillery, do not appreciate a strong element in the desire to have a separate township because of this curse which actuates many of the people of West Medford. This section is, to a man, almost, opposed to the liquor traffic and stands in constant dread of what may come to it from the loose sentiment on this question in the old town.

## Publication Discontinued.

Last Saturday evening, instead of a paper called "Saturday Evening Telegram," circulated about town each Saturday evening the preceding four or five weeks, there came to our desk a circular stating that the publication had been discontinued, because the proprietor had "accepted a more lucrative position" elsewhere. Few people are aware of the large cost in money, to say nothing of the editorial labor and time consumed in conducting the business affairs, needed to procure an ordinary weekly paper, and how small is the margin of profit even when the circulation is a comparatively large one. Perhaps the sudden collapse of this new enterprise will cause some to think of this.

There is not a paper anywhere in this section that is not deserving a larger circulation than it at present enjoys, and if the citizens should give it the full measure of financial aid their subscriptions would extend, all would be surprised and gratified at the result. The men that have secured a living, something more, perhaps, by printing country newspapers, have accomplished that measure of success by hard work personally and a careful "cutting the garment according to the cloth" in the matter of expense. We believe that each one of these stands ready at any moment to furnish a better paper, covering a wider field, as soon as the way seems clear to meet the increased expense. Certainly this is our case, and we take advantage of the incident spoken of to appeal to the very large class in town who are only occasionally purchasers of the local paper to become regular subscribers. We promise a generous return for such recognition of our efforts to make a good paper.

## Constitutional Prohibition.

On Tuesday the Republican members of the Legislature fulfilled their given or implied pledges to the people and endorsed the state convention by passing the prohibitory amendment to the Constitution 161 to 62, twenty-three more than the required two-thirds vote. The passage of the resolve by such an ample margin in both branches of the Legislature is a result which the Republican party of Massachusetts is to be cordially congratulated on. It is the fulfillment of a sincere and honorable pledge, without which the party could not go into the next state campaign with the proper spirit or with all the chances of success which zealous Republican voters would desire. If it is argued that the passage of the resolve will arouse the liquor interest to fight the Republican party, it may be remarked in reply that the hostility of the liquor interest is something which the Republican party can always safely count on. The conflict between the two elements is irreconcilable.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

\*The president of the Herald Pub. Co., Col. Wood, has been given a place on the Governor's staff. He is a G. A. R. comrade, having served in the 40th M. V. in the war of the rebellion.

\*The Republican candidate for the U. S. Senate in the West Virginia Legislature, continues to lead his opponent one or two votes, but still lacks two votes to secure the prize.

\*Flanders' Tonic, advertised elsewhere in our columns, is highly recommended and prescribed by leading physicians for all cases of physical debility. Has cured and is recommended by many prominent citizens. Sold by all druggists.

\*The greatest fight, and, as it turns out, the greatest blunder of organized labor which has ever occurred in New York, as far as the number of men is concerned, was ended Tuesday night by District Assembly No 226 officially declaring the street car strike to be off. The loss in actual money to the striking men during the eight days' struggle amounts to a little over \$100,000 and to the companies about \$250,000.

\*By a letter, dated Feb. 1st, Gen. Draper retires from the field as a candidate for Governor. He says: "I do not care to enter into the style of campaign for the nomination which seems to be requisite of late for a candidate supposed to have money." Gov. Brackett has brains, experience, and the good will of the people earned by a course in political life entitling him to promotion. In him the soldier element has a staunch, a true, a tried friend.

\*Are you intending to build a home? If so, send us your address and 50 cents in stamps or postal notes for our new book containing over Fifty Different Styles and Plans of Houses costing from \$200 to \$3,500, suitable for city, town or country, arranged by the best architects in the United States and Europe. The book gives pictures and plans of each house, showing just how they look when completed. Any carpenter can build from these plans. If you ever intend to build a house, write at once, as this advertisement will not appear again in this paper. Address, F. C. Shepard, Evansburg, Pa.

\*Thanks to the vigilance and parliamentary skill of Representative Dingley, the facts of another exceedingly discreditable chapter in Mr. Bayard's career in the State Department are about to be disclosed. The Alaska seal fisheries are the point to which an investigation is to be directed, and it is to be ascertained just what orders were given to the revenue marine which permitted Canadians to kill seals at their free will in Berling Sea in the summer of 1888, while American men and vessels were excluded under pain of seizure.

\*Our regular Washington correspondent writes that the leading officials of the present administration are preparing to migrate. Secretary Fairchild's residence is for sale, and Secretary Bayard has about consented to dispose of his and permanently remove from Washington. It is expected that John Wannamaker will purchase the residence at present leased by Secretary Whitney. Attorney General Garland will retain his residence, as he expects to remain in Washington. Messrs. Vilas and Dickinson will return to their wild and woolly West without much ado, owning neither houses nor lands at the Capital. Nobody has sufficient interest in the matter to ask Mr. Endicott about the folding of his tent.

The frontispiece for February St. Nicholas is a charming drawing by Mary H. Foote, having a quaint little remembrance upon its margin; Joaquin Miller begins the text of the number with a poem. Arlo Bates recounts in verse the glee of Jack Frost over "The Snow Flowers." Then comes Noah Brook's very timely account of "The White Pasha," telling in a plain and interesting way the thrilling narrative of Stanley's past achievements and probable whereabouts. The paper is illustrated by a striking portrait of the great explorer, and will give many of the older readers of the magazine their first clear idea of the state of affairs in Central Africa. Mrs. Catwood's strong story is continued and introduces in "Petit Pere" a character new in fiction. A well-illustrated article upon Japan follows. Of lighter papers we may note "A Modern Middy," which describes Annapolis from a standpoint differing from that taken by a recent paper in St. Nicholas on the same subject. This paper is well supplied with pictures by Harper Pennington.

The other verse of the number includes Emilie Bonisson's "Ballad of a Runaway Donkey," with Alfred Brenon's artistic designs, and other short pieces, funny pictures, and the usual pleasing variety of interesting material offered by the departments.

Altogether the number is exceedingly varied in its scope, pleasing and instructive in a pleasing way, and, as usual, exceeding rich in illustrations.

Tuesday morning tains on the Middlesex Central branch were delayed in consequence of an accident near the Prospect Hill station on the main line the night previous. A shifting engine moving out on the outward track was thrown across to the inward track by the spreading of a new frog, left the rails and tipped over. Before proper warning could be given a freight train dashed into the disabled engine, killing the engineer of the shifter, imprisoned in the wreck, and seriously injuring two others in the cab with him at the time of the accident. Before ten o'clock both tracks were clear and business was proceeding as usual.

The Boston Retail Grocers' Association will have a grand concert and ball in Mechanics' Building, Boston, on the evening of Feb. 22. Boston Cadet Band will furnish music, that prince of humorists, Marshall P. Wilder, will entertain between the chorus and other singing of the Schubert Glee Club. The ball will be a grand affair. We understand our grocers have tickets for sale.

The felling in Arlington seems to be that much of advantage would come to this section by the establishment of a District Court at Arlington, as prayed for in a petition from Lexington, Bedford, Belmont, numerous signed, just presented to the Legislature.

## License vs. Restriction.

The following communication had a prominent place in the columns of the Watertown Enterprise last week. We commend it to the careful perusal of our own readers.

We are drifting so rapidly by the days of rum-rule in Watertown, that it may be well to put a little of it on record. Up to the Spring of 1880, the sale and use of liquors in the town has been rather the popular thing. Few had thought it necessary to take out a license under the old law to sell, or to keep the terms of it if they did. So that, as a general fact, whosoever would, sold openly and without restraint. In the meantime the sale had become so great and threatening, and so many were forming the drink habit, that not a few of our better citizens were absolutely alarmed and were inquiring as to what ought to be done. The agitation which followed, so effectually exposed the negligence of the town authorities in neither insisting that those who sold should take out licenses, nor in prosecuting those who sold without, that they gave public notice in the spring of 1881, that those who desired to sell liquor, must apply for licenses in the regular way.

The result was that there were some forty-two applicants, twenty-eight of whom were approved and so far as appeared all would have been but for legal obstacles in the way. This showed so conclusively that the sentiment of the town and its officials was on the side of the saloon, that no doubt was left in the minds of observing men, that rum was king. The churches seemed powerless to remove the evil and the temperance organizations had neither wisdom, nor strength, nor cohesion enough to make head against it.

Such was the condition of things when fifteen or twenty men met in the parlors of that true citizen, *Delano March*, who died soon after, universally lamented and beloved, to look over the ground and consider what ought to be done. The result was the formation of a "Citizens' Alliance," which, subsequently, took the name of the "Law and Order League of Watertown."

A constitution and by-laws were drawn up and adopted and the League started out with the double object of enforcing the law and of creating a vigorous temperance sentiment behind it. The latter work it has attempted to do, by the free use of the local newspaper, by the circulation of temperance literature, and by bringing in year by year, a number of the first speakers on temperance that could be procured. Few towns, we believe, have been more favored in this respect than ours has been.

But as the saloon was already licensed and in full blast when the League entered the field, its only option was to compel the licensees to keep the terms of their license. In order to do this officers, counsel and money was the primary need. To secure the latter, on which every thing else depended, a very simple and effective plan was adopted. A paper was circulated for the largest subscription a man would be willing to pay for the year, in case the necessities of the work absolutely demanded it. The condition of the subscription was that not more than ten per cent. of it should be called for in any one month and if any part of it remained at the end of the year, it should be wiped out, and a new subscription opened for the year to come. In this way we had no difficulty in procuring a working capital of twelve or eighteen hundred dollars a year, though I hardly think that half that amount has ever been expended in any one year.

For the first year or two we employed spotters to work up evidence and prepare our cases for court. But we soon found that juries were suspicious of spotters and could not be relied upon to convict on their testimony. We found, also, that we needed special police to look after the violators of the law, as the regular police had their assigned beats and duties, and were so carefully watched, and their habits so well understood, that it was comparatively easy to elude their inspection.

The League, therefore, was forced to the conclusion that if they were to succeed in detecting and convicting violators of the law, they must find a few reliable men, who for the love of humanity and abhorrence of the liquor traffic, would consent to serve as "Specials." Fortunately the men were found, citizens of the town, of sterling character and of clever intelligence, who could neither be bought, nor badgered, nor frightened, but who for their love of sobriety and good order, would watch night and day, and especially Sabbaths, suspected places, collect evidence, and bring the criminals into court. One of these men is now the City Marshall of Lynn, another is a member of the State police, and the two others are still a terror to evil doers.

And, now, at the end of six years, the old town stands in the ranks of the no-license column. A town that in 1881, was notorious for its rum character and its rum majorities, is now one of the freest from the saloon, one of the cleanest in morals, and one of the strictest in good order. The change is simply immense.

A new life has come into the community; a new impulse is throbbing in our business; new and costly houses are going up; a new and desirable class of people are coming in at a rate unknown before.

We believe we are justified in saying that there is no town in the suburbs of Boston, which offers more, or better, inducements for safe, quiet, family residence, than Watertown does to-day. Her air, her water, her streets, her churches, her schools, her library, her lights, her railroads, her intelligent and generous people make the town peculiarly inviting and wholesome for home life and family enjoyment.

So far as the League has had anything to do with this improved state of things, two or three things will tell the story. It was composed from the start of strong, reliable and resolute men, and it has had all the way the sympathy and support of the best people of the town. It has simply taken the laws as it has found them and executed them without fear or favor. It has had no enemies to pun-

ish and no friends to reward. Its "Specials" have been patriotic, unselfish and high-toned men. The sacrifices of time, and labor, and money have been made for the good of the town, and beyond all others, for the good of those who were compelled to obey the law. Whatever fines, or imprisonment have come in the execution of the law, have not been vented out in malice towards any. But in love for good government and in love for men who were putting in peril the hopes and blessings it offered to them and their children.

The saloon has gone, may it never return. "And let all the people say Amen." C. L. W.

## A Letter from California.

A winter in California! What visions of delight the reader conjures up as he sits before a blazing fire and listens to the roaring of the wind and storm, which may, perchance, be raging outside. Living in a latitude of sudden and violent changes, where the seasons are marked by plain dividing lines, where the frost king reigns at least six and sometimes nine months out of the twelve, and where nature annually checks the growth of verdure, and clothes the landscape in a white mantle of a frozen slumber, it is not to be wondered at that he should long for a change, a relief from the set of natural circumstances which fetter his power and compel a continual burnt offering to the skies.

Added to this restlessness is a spirit of adventure, a desire to investigate the unknown, to push into new fields. To the active, enterprising man of the latter end of the nineteenth century all those old saws regarding the non-moss-gathering attributes of a rolling stone, the number of moves that equal a fire, the danger of flying to ills we know not of, the frying pan story, etc., have no terrors. They have been relegated to the domain occupied by the "Arabian Nights" and other hob-goblin tales of his childhood. Yet, after all, he is a credulous being, and when some land shark with glib tongue comes along with a Baron Munchausen tale of distant land and sunny clime, he is as ready to swallow it as when a child he listened in open-mouthed wonder to the marvellous imagery of those ancient legends. Stories of perpetual sunshine, tales of tropical luxury, of lands where the storm king is not supreme and where old Jack Frost dare not show his face, are immensely attractive when set in a frame of glittering snow and ice as is plainly proven by the thousands who seek the realization of these dreams, and are left in helpless, bitter disappointment to make the best of a bad bargain.

But man is not entirely a creature of impulse. Give him the facts and he is pretty apt to draw reasonable conclusions. Facts are what he wants and facts are what we shall, in a short series of letters, place before our readers. We have no axe to grind, no real estate to sell, no mining stock to dispose of, no colonization scheme to boom.

It is winter in the land of the Mojaves. The investigating emigrant who comes in search of tropical sunshine and flowers, and who, having braved the perils and fatigue and absorbed the terrific grandeur of a trip across the continent, lands in San Francisco to-day, will feel the positive presence of that indefinable something which he knows he has been fighting off ever since he crossed the boundary line of the golden state, called homesickness. The hourly growing sense of disappointment will materialize itself into formidable proportions and the luckless adventurer will wish himself back home again, even facing the frost and snow of his native or adopted state, for it is not sunny; it is not warm, it is not even pleasant. He will find it cloudy, berchance raining, misty, damp and cold. He will feel like indulging in emphatic expressions not suitable for your columns. But generally it is not wise to jump at conclusions. It is not in this case. There are advantages and attractions worthy considering. Our friend has come to California with his mind full of glowing pictures of the possibilities ahead of him, and as he passes over miles and miles of sandy plains or winds about the foot hills and sees only sage brush and cacti confronting him, the reaction is like to strike as the chill of a sudden shower upon a summer landscape.

Unquestionably there are vast possibilities for the earnest, hardworking pioneer. There are these in every new country. It is not within our province to advise either for or against the desire to visit or settle in any place. We only ask that the reader will follow us through our unbiased account of how things look and then he may draw his own conclusions.

It is not our plan to go back in the history of California to that time when the state was, as some witty writers has termed it, "a cosmic conjecture." History has recorded its growth from the days of Spanish occupation, when its narrow coast line, occupied by the Missions, was almost a veritable Utopia, the peacefulness of which was disturbed by sectarian and political struggles of the Mexican regime. The war that followed, the acquirement of the territory by the United States, the discovery of gold, the final completion of the transcontinental railways which link it to the eastern coast, all the detail of this growth and progress are matters of historical record, which form reading matter as fascinating as any on the pages of romance.

Friar Juan Crespi one of the early Catholic missionaries who, in 1769, discovered the harbor of San Francisco, little dreamed of the change which a century would bring about, and the Mission

Dolores, established in 1776, gave no promise of what the future would develop. Even down into our own day, in 1846, when under the Mexican government the town of Yerba Buena was founded, there was but faint indication of the growth of such a city as now rests upon the hills and vales of the sandy peninsula, where, until as late as 1848, only a mere handful of white men resided.

Standing upon the palace crowned heights of the Pacific coast metropolis, surveying the myriads of comfortable, cosy homes visible in every direction and looking upon the busy steamers and ferries as they ply back and forth upon the bay—a sheet of water almost without a rival in the known world—one can with difficulty bring themselves to believe that but comparatively few years stand between this scene of magnificent industry and actual desolation.

San Francisco, as the metropolis of the state, naturally attracts more interest from abroad. The harbor brings shipping, the railroads centre here, and therefore its progress, its growth, its enterprise are far ahead of other and more interior portions of the state. Here the visitor will find every evidence of taste and refinement, of luxury and comfort. Here, too, again every great city, there are shadows. On the noble hills are palaces whose occupants live a life of sumptuous luxury. In the secluded valleys are hovels whose dwellers are hungering for the crumbs which fall from their more fortunate brother's table. In the brilliant streets the gay throng hustles one another in a wild rush after pleasure. In the more squalid quarters the shadow of death stalks grimly, day by day.

San Francisco possesses a long list of attractions, many being peculiar to itself, which arouse the interest of the visitor. The Golden Gate, the seal rocks, Sato heights, the Cliff House, the military barracks and reservation and China-town are among the dozens of attractions which we will bring before our readers in subsequent letters. LIVINGSTON.

## Happy meeting of Two Friends.

John M. Allen, of Charlotte, N. Y., said to his friend, "Parsons, I am about dead with the Gravel, and cannot find help." Mr. Parsons induced Mr. Allen to give Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., a trial. Weeks went by and the friends met. Mr. Allen said, "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has saved my life. It is a cure for Gravel,—the only cure."

## Deaths.

In Arlington, Feb. 1, Mrs. Mary Rogan, aged 30 years, 7 months, 10 days.  
In Arlington, Feb. 3, Walter, son of John and Ellen J. Henderson, aged 2 years, 6 months.

## Special Notices.

### Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Charles C. Mann and Willie F. Jones, of Lexington, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

The business of the firm will be continued, and all accounts settled, at the old stand by said Mann and E. E. Perkins, Mr. Perkins having succeeded to Mr. Jones' interest in the firm.

CHAS. C. MANN,  
WILLIE F. JONES.

Lexington, Jan. 31, 1889.

The undersigned have this day formed a co-partnership under the firm name of C. C. MANN & CO., for the purpose of carrying on the business of grocers, as successors of the late firm of C. C. Mann & Co., composed of C. C. Mann and W. F. Jones.

CHAS. C. MANN,  
E. E. PERKINS.

Lexington, Jan. 31, 1889.

## HOT-BED SASHES,

The very best quality sold, at very low prices by

**LEVI BOLES & SON,**  
Dealers in Doors, Windows, Blinds, Frames, etc. 115 MARKET SQUARE, BOSTON.

**\$4.00 HAND SEWED.**  
**\$3.00 FRENCH WELT.**  
**SOLD ONLY TO THE CONSUMER.**  
**THE BOSTON SHOE MADE.**

OUR CELEBRATED

## CRAWFORD SHOES,

Can be obtained only at our following

## CRAWFORD

## Shoe Stores,

NO. 611 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.  
UNDER UNITED STATES HOTEL.  
NO. 38 PARK SQUARE,  
NO. 45 GREEN STREET,  
NO. 2164 WASHINGTON STREET ROXBURY.  
NO. 56 MAIN STREET, CHARLESTOWN.

ALSO IN

Providence, Hartford,  
New Haven, New York,  
Brooklyn, Philadelphia,  
Baltimore & Washington, D. C.

## BOUVE, CRAWFORD & CO.

Makers of

## The Crawford Shoe.

## FOR SALE

IN ARLINGTON.  
A very desirable residence, 12000 feet of land. House of 11 rooms with all modern improvements, built in 1887 expressly for owner, who has other interests requiring a change of residence. Terms easy. For particulars of W. H. CHAMBERLIN, 269 Washington St., Room 59, Boston. Stebbins

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

## PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of  
**HENRY E. CROSBY, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased:** Greeting:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, of Probate, by John S. Crosby, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, and that he may be exempt from giving a surety or sureties on his bond pursuant to said will and statute.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of February instant at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fifth day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

J. H. TYLER, Register.

**FOUND.** In Arlington, a gold ring. The property and paying for the same by applying to THOMAS RODEN, basement of Town House, Arlington.

## TRY FLANDERS' TONIC, AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Endorsed by the CITY PHYSICIAN JAMES H. CONWAY, M. D., the Clerk of the fourth District Court, H. E. Bond, Esq., and many other prominent citizens of Woburn, Mass.

## A MARVELOUS TONIC AND NUTRITIVE.

For all cases of PHYSICAL DEBILITY. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, or sent to any address upon receipt of price, \$1.00, express prepaid.

N. L. FLANDERS & CO., Prescription Druggists.

WOBURN, MASS.

## DO YOU

Always go there? "Yes, always; in fact not only do I, but my whole family, and indeed all my friends." The above is a portion of a conversation carried on by two ladies in a street car. They were speaking of the best place to get Photographs taken, and the one addressed very wisely recommended the Studio of **FACH BROTHERS**, on Main Street, Cambridge, near Beck Hall, as the establishment to go to, saying as above, that they always went there.

## H. WILLIAM TUPPER,

Manager and Photographer.

Jan 25

## PEERLESS DYES Are the BEST.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

## PROBATE COURT.

To the Heirs-at-Law, next of Kin, and all other persons interested in the Estate of  
**HENRY MOTT, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased:** Greeting:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, of Probate, by William H. H. Tuttle, who prays that letters of administration with the will annexed may be issued to him, the executor named in said will having declined the trust. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court. Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Jan 25

Subscription renewals are now in order and will be gladly received.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

## PROBATE COURT.

To the next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of  
**JESSE F. BACON, alias JESSE BACON, late of Arlington, in said County, deceased:** Greeting:

WHEREAS, application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to George F. Winn and Warren A. Peirce, both of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, and to exempt them from giving surety or sureties on their bonds pursuant to statute. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock before noon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same.

And the said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, printed at Arlington, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court. Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-ninth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Jan 25

J. H. TYLER, Register.

## THE COTTAGE HEARTH

Is a well known Family Magazine now in its 4th year, and is a favorite with all who are interested in each month's Floral and Health Departments, Latest Fancy Work, Sabbath Reading, Domestic Patterns, Approved Receipts, Household Hints, and Prize Puzzles for Children.



EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Remember the Band of Mercy tomorrow afternoon.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Nunn and family back to our village.

The sewing teacher's visits at our Grammar school, we are informed, are looked forward to by the girls with much pleasure. She is teaching them to make bags which, when done, will be receptacles for their sewing tools.

Rev. Mr. Thompson preached last Sabbath from Acts, 2nd chapter, 7th verse, "And they were all amazed and marvelled, saying one to another, behold are not all these which speak Galileans?" The subject was "Universal language."

The unfavorable weather prevented some from attending Maj. Murray's recital on Tuesday evening, but those who braved the weather were amply repaid by his account of his experience in rebel prisons.

The Adams Engine Co. held its regular meeting Monday evening and voted to accept the invitation of the Hancock Co. to be present at a supper Tuesday evening, at the centre. We have failed to receive any account of the gathering, but presume all enjoyed the festivities of the evening.

Some of our people listened with much interest to the Woman Suffrage hearing before the Legislative committee. Woman Suffrage is sure to win in the end, for the present year has witnessed a preceptible advance. Mrs. Livermore, in a recent lecture, says she has been in Kansas where women are allowed to vote, and they told her women were the most independent votes in Kansas, and in that state the women fill high positions of trust.

The entertainment given last Friday evening, by the Independent Club, was a pleasant social gathering. The orchestra played the grand march and the young people whirled through the mazes of the dance. The quartette composed of Messrs. Ellsworth Pierce, Willie Smith, Ernest Kaufmann and Carlton Childs, entertained the company with a song as did also the quartette made up of Mr. Ellsworth Pierce, Ernest Kaufmann, Misses Julia Maynard and Mattie Childs.

The repetition of the entertainment "Class Day" and the "Peak Sisters," occurred on Wednesday evening, and was appreciated by a goodly audience. The only change in the programme was "Centennial March," by the orchestra, in place of "Parade March," and the omission of the series of pictures. Mr. E. Morton Paine, besides his most acceptable performance on the banjo, recited "The Life Boat" very finely. This entertainment has given much pleasure to all and we will give in our next the financial result.

Mr. Charles Underwood, who has been visiting his old home in our village this winter, is now on a business trip. We know our readers will be pleased to hear from him. Writing from the wilds of New Mexico, he says: The quaint old town of Santa Fe, nestled away up here in a beautiful valley, surrounded on all sides by the towering snow-covered peaks of the Los Bega range of the Rocky mountains, is a wonderful place and full of interest to a person who has never visited the old Spanish town, aside from its grand scenery. The quaint old buildings and the strange life of the native Mexicans with which the town is mostly peopled, would require much time to give an adequate description. Speaking of the old San Miguel church, built by the Spanish in 1580, he says it still stands almost as originally built, with only a few exterior alterations. It is a very queer chapel, like an old stockade, built of mud and logs of which material most of the houses of the Indians and Mexicans are built. The oil paintings on the walls of the church were painted about 1400 and brought over by the Spaniards, and there is also an attempt at carving on the interior of the timbers, inscriptions and figures, all done with an axe or knife. This edifice makes one feel that he is far removed to a foreign country and not in our own America. The dwellings of the Mexicans are low, square mud huts, often without windows and no interior finishing. By the payment of twenty-five cents he says they had a chance to enter one of these houses and see their strange life. The city is built in squares; the central one is called the plaza, and is a very pretty spot. This is a military post and the government barracks are situated in the centre of the town. The military band played in the plaza, and it was a gala day; the people all out promenading and abandoning themselves to the full enjoyment of a most beautiful day. The clear, pure air and bright sunshine is very rare except in such high altitudes as this, nearly 7000 feet. A blue haze covers the snow-capped mountains and makes them look indescribably beautiful in the clear atmosphere and it is no wonder the people enjoy life with such surroundings, and people need not rush to go to Europe to see wonders when our own America possesses so many. We hope to hear more from him during his travels.

The February number of the Century Magazine, without being a particularly noteworthy one, contains, nevertheless, three articles that deserve much attention. The first for Americans—in spite of defects in this work that have often enough been pointed out—is the month's instalment of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay's "Lincoln." The history has arrived at a most interesting crisis both in the war and in Lincoln's career—namely the removal of McClellan and the matter of Seward and Chase. Lincoln's relation to Chase are rather well told, and it is probably the fullest account yet given of Lincoln's masterly use of events until he had forced Chase into a position where self-respect compelled him to resign. Mr. Kennan, *sur le vif*, as is his wont, gives in his account of Irkutsk some of his most terrible and painful reminiscences. Few such stories as that of the poor young officer, and the most unhappy woman whom Mr. Kennan also met at Irkutsk, would be enough to make one understand the cloud of melancholy that hangs over Russian fiction. The third article of social interest in this number is fortunately a very happy and hopeful one. It is an excellent little recital by Mr. Albert Fleming of the steps taken by himself and a few other persons for the revival of hand spinning and weaving in some Westmoreland village. Not the least good thing in this Arcadian scheme is the fact that it pays, and orders come without advertisement from all parts of England. The illustrations are of course attractive. There are papers on Gerome, the modern artist, and Simone Memmi, the mediæval artist, in which the preponderance of merit is with the latter, Mr. Stillman's article; "The Romance of Dollard" is concluded; and Mr. Laurence Hutton's "The Portrait of Mary Queen of Scots," although it has been forestalled to a degree in the Art Journal, has an interest inseparable from the subject.

Who Owns the Photograph?  
Justice North's decision in a London court that private photographs are private property is a reassertion, or rather a natural application, of a principle which should be familiar. Unscrupulous photographers have claimed the right to sell and exhibit photographs of their customers against their will, and there have been legal opinions confirming this extraordinary view. Thus it has been held that the employment and payment of a photographer to reproduce the features of a private person, for the latter's private purposes, gave the photographer a right to use the negative for the publication of photographs for public sale. Justice North, however, declares the photographer wholly in the wrong, and aptly says that while the negative belongs to the photographer the copyright is vested in the person photographed. This eminently sensible decision should check a practice common abroad. Fortunately, this evil has been less prevalent here, although it exists, and American courts, we believe, have decided that the photographer has no right to make merchandise of the likenesses of private customers.—Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

"Husband, I want you to try it."  
I had suffered for years with a complaint the physicians called Gravel, and they had given up the attempt to help me. My wife heard of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Rondout, N. Y., and spoke as above. To please her I got a bottle. Used that and two or three more, and presently the trouble vanished, never to return.—Washington Monroe, Catskill, N. Y.

Related to the Whole Crowd.  
She was a large, muscular woman with strong features that indicated plainly her prominence in the domestic circle, and he was a little, thin, weak eyed, meek faced man who only came to her shoulders. They sat side by side in a street car, totally oblivious of each other, as long married folks often are. They attracted the attention of two smart young men directly opposite them.

"How funny they must have looked as they stood up to be married," said one. "He must have looked like a lamb led to the slaughter." "Oh," said the other, "he was probably as large as she was in those days. Don't you know a henpecked man actually grows smaller under continued hectoring?" Just then the little man took his market basket from under the seat and left the car alone. She had overheard them, and in anything but dulcet tones she hissed: "Do you think I own any more of these people 'cause I happen to be on the same seat? You thought he was my husband 'cause he sat next me; d'ye think the rest of 'em are my relations too? Maybe you're my second cousins 'cause you're in the same car?" She was wound up for several blocks further, but the loquacious individuals left the car without waiting to investigate any relationship.—Chicago Journal.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.  
TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.D., 1831 Pearl St., New York.

The good old Vegetable Pulmonary Balm. Best known cure for Coughs, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, Gout, Rheumatism, &c., &c., &c. BOTTLED BY CUTLER BROS. & CO., BOSTON.

OUR ANSWER, COMFORT.  
We are often asked what particular points of excellence do you claim for your CRAWFORD SHOE, our answer is COMFORT TO THE WEARER, durability and style. We have given our attention exclusively to the making of gentlemen's fine shoes; selling our entire production direct to the consumer from our own stores, this brings us direct contact with the consumer, enables us to ascertain the wants of the public. We find a large number of gentlemen who tell us they have never before found a shoe comfortable unless made to measure. The reason to us is plain they have never been properly fitted. We are confident we can give a better fit than can be had from a shoe made to measure and thousands of our customers will bear witness to this fact. We aim to make a shoe to fit the foot, on our own special shaped lasts, which no other makers can use. Our shoes are as comfortable the first day as when worn for months—they require no "breaking in." Bouve, Crawford & Co., makers.

Promoters of Existence.  
Disease is a mean fellow; it always strikes a man when he's down. Two men come into a car together—one overworked, depressed, worried and exhausted, the other interested in his work, which employs every faculty to the utmost, comfortable and happy, with the conviction that his wife is the dearest woman in the world, his children as bright as any one's children, and that he isn't a very bad sort of a fellow himself. A draught blows through the car as usual, striking both men. They both take cold; one has pneumonia and dies, and the other a cold in his head, which he sneezes away in two days. It is easy to draw the inference and with it to deduce the formula that comfort, cheerfulness and hopefulness are the best promoters of existence.—Dr. Shrady.

Hope Deferred.  
"Go to bed, sir, in the closet there," said an enraged father to a son who had given him just cause of offense. "were it not that these gentlemen are present I would give you a sound whipping, but you shall have it before breakfast tomorrow, certain." The little rebel went to his crib with a heavy heart, and the enjoyments of the party continued until a late hour. Just when the party was about to break up, the closet door was quietly pulled back and the young offender put out his head, requesting that the sentence might be put in execution. "Father, would you just give me my licks this night, for I cannot sleep without them?"—London Telegraph.

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**ROYAL**



**BAKING POWDER**

**Absolutely Pure.**

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., N. Y.

**A. F. RUSSELL & CO.,**  
COMMISSION DEALERS IN  
**Fruits, Produce,**  
**and Vegetables,**  
8 Mercantile St., Mercantile Market.  
TELEPHONE NO. 553.

All orders promptly attended to. **Peas, Potatoes and Apples** for Family Trade a specialty.

**Richfield**

**Artist PHOTOGRAPHER,**  
OPP. SOLDIERS' MONUMENT,  
**ARLINGTON, MASS.**

All sizes Photographs made with the most Artistic Lighting.  
Copying in all its branches.  
All other work Warranted First-class.

**WINN'S**  
**Arlington and Boston Express.**  
OFFICES: 33 COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.  
POST OFFICE, ARLINGTON.  
Leave Arlington at 9 a. m.; Boston at 2 p. m.  
F. H. FRASER, J. W. McLEOD, Proprietors.

**PEERLESS DYES** Are the BEST.  
**Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank**  
After January 1st, 1888, the bank will be open for business on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 3 to 6, p. m.; on Wednesdays, from 3 to 5, p. m.; on Saturdays, from 3 to 5, p. m.  
Deposits draw interest from the first Saturday in January, April, July and October.  
ABEL R. PROCTOR, Treasurer.


**W. H. H. TUTTLE,**  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-law  
OFFICE.  
53 Devonshire St., Room 18, Boston.  
Arlington Office, No. 2 Swan's Block, Arlington hours, 7 p. m., and, by appointment, before 9 a. m.

**Arthur Jones,**  
**CUSTOM TAILOR,**  
No. Ave., North Cambridge Junction.  
Over Cavanaugh's store. Altering and Repairing at moderate charges. **First class workmanship and fit guaranteed.** 23nov3m

**DRAFTS ON IRELAND.**  
For £1 and upward.  
ISSUED AT ARLINGTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.  
By ABEL R. PROCTOR, Treasurer.  
15may

**Hornblower & Weeks,**  
**Bankers & Brokers,**  
22 DEVONSHIRE ST.,  
BOSTON.

**HENRY HORNBLOWER,**  
Member Boston Stock Exchange  
**JOHN W. WEEKS,** late Fla. So. Ry. Co.  
10augly



**CALVIN ANDREWS,**  
Hack, Livery and Boarding Stable,  
Buckman Court, Arlington.  
Particular attention paid to boarding horses. Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to. Hacks and carriages furnished for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, etc. Single or double teams. Special pains will be taken to meet all reasonable demands.

**A. J. TILLSON,**  
**Real Estate and Mortgages,**  
OFFICE:  
R. W. Shattuck's Hardware Store, Arlington.  
The undersigned offers his services to all desiring to buy or sell, hire or let Real Estate in this vicinity. His entire attention will be given to the business, and his terms will be reasonable. Real Estate cared for, Rent collected and promptly returned to the owners.  
**Money to Loan on Mortgages.**  
Satisfactory references given.  
**A. J. TILLSON.**

**New Way** **Old Way**



**Don't rub the dirt** out of your clothes because your ancestors did. Keep up with the times. Try modern ideas for saving labor. James Pyle's PEARLINE leads all of those which pertain to cleanliness. What is it that frays your collars, cuffs and skirts and pulls off the buttons and strings? What is it that ruins your paint? It's the old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, to make clean. PEARLINE does away with most of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear. You don't want an imitation, do you? Beware of them. PEARLINE is manufactured only by James Pyle, New York, notwithstanding the plausible stories told by peddlers and some grocers to the contrary.

**A FULL LINE OF CYPRESS LUMBER.**  
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in this town as well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.

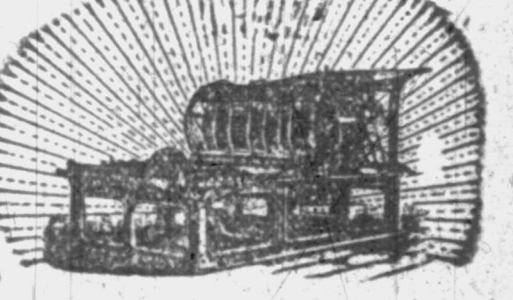
**Boston & Maine Railroad.**  
**LOWELL SYSTEM**  
ON and after Oct. 8, 1888, trains will run as follows:—  
**LEAVE Boston FOR Prison Station,** at 7.50, a. m.; 1.35, 4.25, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, p. m.  
**Return** at 8.40, a. m.; 12.30, 4.10, p. m.; Sunday 8.45, a. m.; 4.30, p. m.  
**LEAVE Boston FOR Concord, Mass.,** at 7.50, a. m.; 1.35, 4.25, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, p. m.  
**Return** at 8.40, a. m.; 12.30, 4.10, p. m.; Sunday, 8.55, a. m.; 4.36, p. m.  
**LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford** at 6.45, 7.05, 7.50, 10.00, a. m.; 1.35, 3.45, 4.25, 5.45, 6.08, 6.30, 11.15, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15 a. m. 12.50, 6.00, p. m. **Return** at 5.45, 6.30, 7.00, 7.20, 7.30, 7.58, 10.10, a. m. 12.47, 3.39, 4.28, 6.08, p. m.; Sunday, 9.04, a. m.; 12.35, 4.46, p. m.  
**LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington** at 6.45, 7.05, 7.50, 8.20, 9.10, 10.00, 10.50, a. m.; 1.35, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 5.20, 5.45, 6.08, 6.30, 7.45, 9.15, 10.15, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 6.06, p. m. **Return** at 5.55, 6.45, 7.00, 7.37, 7.55, 8.29, 9.10, 9.40, 10.19, 10.50, a. m.; 12.00, 12.57, 2.50, 3.48, 4.10, 4.43, 6.15, 6.35, 6.00, 10.10, p. m.; Sunday 9.16, a. m.; 12.45, 4.56, p. m.  
**LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights** at 6.45, 7.05, 7.50, 8.20, 9.10, 10.00, 10.50, a. m.; 1.35, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 5.20, 5.45, 6.08, 6.30, 7.45, 9.15, 10.15, 11.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 6.00, p. m. **Return** at 6.06, 6.54, 7.18, 7.44, 8.05, 8.38, 9.18, 9.47, 10.25, 11.00, a. m.; 12.10, 1.07, 2.40, 3.55, 4.19, 4.54, 6.45, 9.10, 10.19, p. m.; Sunday, 9.26, a. m.; 12.54, 5.06, p. m.  
**LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington** at 6.45, 7.05, 7.50, 8.20, 9.10, 10.00, 10.50, a. m.; 1.35, 2.50, 3.45, 4.25, 5.20, 5.45, 6.08, 6.30, 7.05, 7.45, 8.15, 10.15, 11.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 6.00, p. m. **Return** at 6.14, 7.01, 7.26, 7.49, 8.12, 8.44, 9.23, 9.53, 10.36, 11.06, a. m.; 12.16, 1.14, 2.46, 4.50, 4.25, 5.00, 5.32, 6.15, 6.39, 6.51, 7.45, 9.16, 10.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.34, a. m.; 1.00, 5.13, p. m.  
**LEAVE Arlington FOR Lowell** at 7.04, 10.19, a. m.; 4.06, 6.01, p. m.  
**LEAVE Lexington FOR Lowell** at 7.17, 10.29, a. m.; 4.19, 6.17, p. m.  
**LEAVE Lowell FOR Lexington AND Arlington** at 6.55, 9.30, a. m.; 3.10, 5.30, p. m.  
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## THE PUNCTUAL TIDES.

The punctual tides, with sullen roar,  
Wash on the seacoast's pebbly floor;  
Dark drift and floating wrecks they strow,  
Grinding the old and building new—  
And building new.  
So the long years, with muffled sound,  
Bring tribute from the far profound;  
Hoarse winds and stooping clouds go by,  
And man fares hence we know not why—  
We know not why.  
The tides of time, they rise or fall  
With that white waste that circles all;  
Our years in vaster periods move,  
As our poor loves in lasting Love—  
In lasting Love.  
—Dora Read Goodale.

## MISS PAPA.

Every morning when the miners employed in the mines at Bernard assembled around the shaft to answer the roll-call, there could be seen arriving last of all a tall, sturdy-looking fellow, who led by the hand a little girl, even or eight years old. They were Michel Pierron and his daughter.

Before setting foot on the platform of the car to descend the man took the child in his arms and kissed her, and then replaced her on the ground. The little one cried: "Good-by, papa!" When the signal for the descent was given she clasped her hands and kept repeating the single word "papa" until she was sure that papa could no longer hear her. Then she went on to the school house close by, where she spent the day.

When the evening came she was always the first at the opening of the shaft, and Michel Pierron was always the first who came up. As at his departure, he lifted the child in his arms, and she threw her arms around his neck, crying "papa!"

The miners had heard her repeat these two syllables so often, and had been so struck by the strange passion which she put into them, that they gave her the name of Miss Papa.

And certainly no name was more applicable. Her father was everything to her. Her mother had been dead a long time; she had scarcely known her; she had only him. All her memories of childhood were filled with him. To her his great rough hands had been as gentle as a woman's. For her, his hard grimy face had always worn a tender smile.

For her, this man had become a woman and a child at the same time.

And how she loved her father, and how terrified she was every morning when she saw him descend into the great black hole to which no one could see the bottom.

One day a miner held her over the mouth of the shaft, and she had gazed down into the dark depths. Uttering a cry of terror she drew back.

"Papa goes down there," she thought. "Oh, if he should never come up!"

And that day, when Michel took her in his arms as usual and kissed her, she clung more tightly than ever to his neck, and said to him:

"You will come up, won't you?"

"Of course, my little one."

"Is there any danger, tell me, papa?"

"Why, no, little coward!"

"Does anyone—an anyone—die down there?"

"Have no fear," replied Michel, laughing; "I will not die without letting you know."

"Ah! Good-by, papa."

All that her father said was gospel truth to her, and she went to school completely reassured.

But the memory of that black gulf into which her eyes had plunged could not be effaced, and from that time she was afraid every morning and trembled every evening; she feared her father would never return from those mysterious depths into which she had seen him descend.

As it presentiment? Who knows?

One day the report suddenly spread that an explosion had occurred in the mine. In a moment's time a crowd had gathered at the shaft. From all directions people, wild with terror, came flocking to the spot. Of those buried far below there how many would ever see the light again?

Michel's daughter was at school. She knew nothing of it, and besides if anyone had spoken of it before her would she have comprehended?

Could she know, poor little one, what an explosion was? No. But at her age one knows already what death is; one understands at her age when one sees inanimate, mutilated bodies extended upon the ground, and the approaches to the shaft were strewn with them when she arrived that evening to meet her father.

She was stupefied for a moment, and then the truth suddenly flashed upon her: she had seen those men go down living, those men whom she knew so well, who had kissed her many a time; and now they were brought up dead. Would they bring up her father like them?

This thought distracted her. She began to run wildly among the debris, which they had brought up from the mine, crying: "Papa! Papa! Papa!"

There were, it is true, many others who cried and called "Papa!" but not one in such despairing accents. The others they drove back, but no one could be found to push her away. They let her run, poor child, from one body to another, sometimes stopping before a disfigured face, hesitating for a moment, as if she feared she might recognize her father.

No, he was not among the dead. She grew calmer, and sought among the living. He was not there. She questioned every one, but not one had seen him.

Of the sixty miners who had went down in the morning forty-five had come up alive; fourteen were dead. There remained but one to be accounted for; that one was Michel.

She had made them explain all that to her, and she understood. She clasped her hands joyously, as if they had said to her: "He is all right. You will see him again." Ah! how she hoped to see him again. Then she suddenly recollected the morning on which her father had said to her:

"I will not die without letting you know."

It only needed that to give her the certainty that he was living.

A child's faith is strong. It is not easy to drive out an idea which has once taken root in its mind. So, when the

next morning—she had remained there all night—she tried to make her understand that there was no hope, that she would never again see her father, that they had explored all the galleries, searched every corner and had not found him, she shook her head and began to weep, saying: "Seek for papa!"

They paid little attention to her. For forty hours had they not exhausted every means? There was, doubtless, something strange in this disappearance. Living or dead Michel ought to have been found, and they had not found him.

The chief engineer had himself directed the search, but all in vain. In the opinion of all nothing more could be done, and it was possible that, by the force of the explosion, the unfortunate man had been buried by the falling debris, and it was impossible to tell her when and how.

For forty-eight hours little Miss Papa waited anxiously, but without manifesting the slightest uneasiness. At every human form which appeared at the opening she started forward, and, not recognizing him for whom she waited, she sank back upon the ground with a deep sigh. They tried to take her away, and she uttered such piercing cries that they considered it best to leave her there. They thought that she must soon yield to fatigue.

Whence comes to the weak and feeble such strength in the great crises in life? Ask God: it is His secret.

The third day the child was still at the shaft.

"I must put an end, to this," said the engineer, approaching her. "Come, my little one, be reasonable!"

"Papa! seek for papa!"

"Alas! he is dead."

"No!"

She uttered this "no" with such energy that the engineer was struck by it.

"Why do you say no," he asked.

"He would have told me."

"Poor little one," murmured the engineer.

And he made a sign to the men to take her away. But she clung desperately to him, crying:

"Papa is not dead. I want to go down. I will find him."

They bore her away and left her with the school teacher. An hour later she was back at the shaft, and, clinging to the engineer's knees, she kept repeating:

"I want to go down! I will find him!"

He was a tender-hearted man, that engineer, and he took pity on her.

"After all," he said to himself, "that will, perhaps, be the best thing. When she has seen with her own eyes, she will believe. This excitement, if it lasts much longer, will kill her."

And, taking her in his arms, he bore her to the car and gave the signal to descend.

She shuddered when she felt beneath her the yawning pit, from which arose a foul air which almost suffocated her. The engineer felt her little arms enclose his neck, and her curly head was pressed against his own.

When they reached the bottom she disengaged herself, sprang to the ground and rushed forward, calling:

"Papa! papa!"

The engineer, who could hardly keep up with her, was tired of explaining to her twenty times what he had already explained—how the explosion had occurred and what they had done to find the victims, and the child kept questioning him, and repeated:

"He is living! Seek for him!"

She would have remained down there in the mine three days, as she had already done at the surface, if they had not taken her by force and carried her up.

The engineer gave orders that she should be taken back to the school teacher, and also orders that if she reappeared at the shaft she should be prevented from going into the mine.

All his measures had been carefully taken, and the next day, no longer thinking of her, he was inspecting one of the galleries, when he felt himself seized by the arm of his coat. It was Miss Papa.

She had escaped from the school a second time. Repulsed at the shaft, she had slipped into an empty coal car and had thus descended into the mine.

She told all this to the engineer and obtained his pardon. Five minutes later she again began her search, still full of undiminished faith. The miners followed her with pitying eyes, shrugging their shoulders, saying:

"Poor little Papa!"

Little Papa kept on seeking with unabated courage. Suddenly they saw her running toward them, pale and excited.

"Down there!" she gasped. "Down there! Papa!"

"What? Down there?" said the miner.

"His blouse!"

"Bah! Where?"

"Down there!"

In a moment every one had heard the news, and the mine was in a tumult. The child declared that she had seen a piece of blue cloth in the hole, which she could not raise because it was held down by an enormous block of coal.

"Where?" they asked her again.

She turned, followed by the crowd of miners. Then she stopped and hesitated.

She could not find the spot. All the blocks of coal resembled each other; all the cavities were alike, all the galleries were the same. And yet she was sure she had seen that piece of blue cloth.

Where the blouse was, the man must be, living, no doubt, and that man was her father, and she could not find him!

to sink back fainting; but he was alive.

Miss Papa had told the truth. The man would not die without telling his child, and the thought of her had sustained him and given him the strength to conquer death.

A week later he was out and ready to recommence his work.

On the evening of the day before that on which he was to return to the mine a great banquet was given by all the miners to Miss Papa. The place of honor was reserved for her. A loud hurrah and wild applause greeted her when she entered, holding on to Michel's hand. There were kisses given, shouts of "Bravo!" and wild huzzas in honor of the little queen.

And do you know what she replied to all this, smiling and clapping her little hands?

She replied: "Papa."

It would be difficult to describe how and in what tone she uttered that word. But all the brave fellows, whose eyes had hardly ever known a tear, will tell you that they wept that night.

## How Men Act Under Fire.

Exposure to fire, writes Colonel Floyd Clarkson in the *Mail and Express*, brings out the different characteristics of men. Those who are naturally stubborn and combative become more so and make the best fighters. The way men behave when exposed to the enemy's fire depends on whether they expect to be hit or not. Some men, especially those new to the work, go into a charge firmly convinced that they are going to be shot. Of course they are frightened when they look at it that way. No man is willing to go deliberately to meet death, and the idea of being hit, even slightly, is not pleasant. Looking at it in this way, the men become extremely nervous, and in some cases it makes them actually sick. When compelled to go forward, they are so excited that they hardly know what they are about.

Other men look at it differently, and do not expect to be hit. These are men who have been seen. They consider their chance of being killed so slight in ordinary engagements that they act as though they were indifferent to fire. It makes all the difference in the world in their behavior, and it is the duty of the officers to convince the men that they will not be hit. They should even expose themselves to severe fire if necessary to assure the men.

When I was in the Sixth Cavalry down in North Carolina we had a lot of new men. A charge was ordered and the first company advanced. They were in an open road close by a piece of woods. At the first volley from the enemy they took to the woods. Then I ordered up the second company. The men were white as ghosts, but they rode through the fire. The cavalry charge is with revolvers pointed in the air, and at the word "fire" the barrel is dropped and the volley fired. In this charge the men were so excited that most of their shots went straight up in the air or over the heads of the enemy. A couple of months later the same men would ride and fire as steadily and drop their bullets close to the object aimed at.

It requires more nerve for men to stand and receive than to ride forward and return it. The excitement of firing helps keep the men's courage up. Only veterans will go steadily forward when men are dropping on all sides. I remember one charge when I expected to get hit. I had to lead a cavalry charge right in the face of the enemy's fire. It seemed like sure death to attempt. I destroyed all of my papers and we went out with a rush. The enemy was so astonished that they dropped their guns and ran, leaving us to gather in some prisoners and leave the ground clear for the infantry.

I remember an incident at Chapultepec that tried the nerve of the men. A forlorn hope was ordered and every tenth man was told off. One of the men who was detailed was so badly frightened that he became very sick. He was convinced that he would be shot. But he went through the charge, received a ball on his belt plate and came out all right. He was afterward a captain in the civil war and stood fire without flinching. He died a natural death after the war was over.

## Photographing Rifle Bullets.

The interesting process of photographing rifle bullets in motion, by means of the electric light, presents some remarkable phenomena, judging from the experiments made by Mach, the Austrian chemist. In this operation his plan is to illuminate the bullet by letting it break an electric current formed, but the velocity of the bullet must exceed that of sound, in order that the conditions of the air before and behind the projectile can be shown. After various experiments he succeeded in his efforts to photograph projectiles fired by Vernal and Jurd guns, having respectively an initial velocity of 450 and 530 meters per second. The photographs obtained in this manner showed an air formation in front of the bullet having the form of an hyperbole, while behind it almost a vacuum was formed, in which, when the initial velocity was very great, there were some curious spiral motions. From the description given, there appeared from these photographs to be a great similarity between the motion of a body through the water and that of a projectile through the air.—*New York Sun*.

## Grotesque Sacred Nuts.

Japanese sacred nuts are the latest fad in the market, and are having a large sale as curiosities.

Their intrinsic value is small, but in former times the uneducated Japanese used to worship them. They are to be seen at most fashionable purveying stores that aim to keep up with the procession.

In shape they are exactly like a pair of mounted ox-horns. They are two inches from tip to tip and are black in color, looking not unlike a black butterfly. The taste is very similar to that of a Brazil nut. They retail at from ten to twenty-five cents apiece, according to size.

The remarkable quality about them is that they will keep sweet and palatable for twenty years from the time they are gathered. These nuts grow in the marshes of Japan.

On cracking the shell a heart-shaped kernel is revealed, and this shape is what gave rise to the superstition as to the celestial character of the nut.—*New York World*.

## GOLD IN REFUSE HEAPS.

### EXTRACTING A PRECIOUS METAL FROM PILES OF RUBBISH.

Valuable Sweepings in New York's Jewelry District—Old Walls and Floors Veritable Gold Mines.

"There's millions in that dust you see that boy so carefully gathering up," said Engineer Wilkinson of John street Saturday. "It may seem strange, but it is a fact that even the walls in these old buildings here are impregnated with gold."

The reporter's attention was attracted by the actions of the boy referred to. He was sweeping down the stairs leading to the rear building, which is used chiefly by jewelry polishers and burnishers. The boy took up from the stairs and hallway every particle of dust and dirt he could gather on his dustpan and placed it in a small pail. The engineer led the reporter into a small room where four women were at work polishing diamond settings.

"Not only do they utilize the sweepings of the place, but even the water the women wash their hands in, and the towel used afterward has its value. The boy who sweeps the halls has what he can make out of the sweepings instead of pay for his services, and he makes much more money than if he got a regular salary. Come in the engine room, and I will tell you more about what I meant when I said there were millions in that dust."

Through several alleyways and after many twists and turns, the reporter found himself about in the center of the block bounded by John street, Nassau, Fulton and Broadway. On the way to the engine room Mr. Wilkinson pointed out some men taking up an old floor from one of the rooms occupied by a polisher. "The man who is taking up that floor is not getting any pay for the job. He pays the tenant for the privilege of putting in a new floor merely for the sake of the lumber of the old one. Those men who put in new floors and stairways are speculators, and they pay from \$5 to \$200 for the privilege. All they make out of it is the gold that is found in the dross coming from the burning of the old lumber. The dirt collected by that boy you saw as you came in, and the sweepings and washings of the polishers, and ashes from the old flooring after it is burned, all finds its way to the refinery, where the gold is extracted. The water used by the polishers is mixed with sawdust and then placed in the furnace with the other refuse. So it is with the old aprons, clothing and chamois leather used in burnishing and polishing the gold of the settings. All goes to dross and then to the smelting pot. Some men make a business of putting in new floors, and get rich at it."

"What the percentage of gold is to the ton of rubbish I cannot say, but I have heard of the yield being worth from \$20 to \$30. The expert assayer, Mr. Lepert, can give you points on that. We'll now go and see the process of reducing the dross to powder preparatory to its going to the smelter." And leading the way through the boiler house and through a long dark passage the reporter came to a room, or rather a vault, apparently in the bowels of the earth, where the process of reducing the refuse to powder dust was in operation. It was several minutes before the operator could be seen. The vault was full of dust arising from the mill or crusher.

"Hello! Uncle Tom," called out the guide to a figure that could be faintly discerned by the light of an oil lamp. In answer to the call an old negro came forward, and the strong resemblance he bore to Harriet Beecher Stowe's popular hero fully justified the appellation. "Andy" Jackson, as the old colored man is called, has been attending that "grindstone" for a quarter of a century. It is said that he is worth \$40,000, made mostly during the time when he had the sweepings of the place in lieu of wages as janitor.

"Andy," when questioned on the subject, said that it was all a mistake, that story. It was some other colored man got rich on sweepings. He had heard the story told many times, but had never met the man who was the hero of it. All the time he was talking the old man continually followed the big stone around its circuit of the pan, and pushed the dross in the center, so that the stone would crush the lumps the next revolution it made. "None but those in the business have an idea of the value of every bit of brick and mortar, or, for that matter, even the ground we walk on in this district. There's more wealth concentrated in these few blocks around John street and the Lane than in any other part of the city," said the guide, as he led the way back to the engine room.—*New York Star*.

The Worthless Parent of Our Wheat.

We have good evidence that the wild plant from which has sprung all our varieties of wheat is still extant—the *Aegilops* of the botanist, a wild and worthless grass of Southern Europe and Western Asia. It is a most unpromising plant in appearance, remarkable chiefly for furious awns or beard, starved kernels and its habit of shattering the moment it is ripe. But the English experiments reported in Lindley's *Treasury of Botany* (which consisted, first, in sowing a plant which self-seeded grow year after year unchanged; second, in giving good cultivation to seeds selected each season) showed such improvement in three or four sowings as to make it evident that a variety of true wheat.

Besides, the *Aegilops* is subject to the same rust and blight as wheat, and its bruised leaves have the same smell. Thus evidence goes to show that here is the ancestor of our grand cereal. Did the prehistoric farmer have the eye to see the wheatfields hid within the rough *Aegilops*? Hardly. Aside from the possibility that native varieties existed which came nearer being wheat than the wild grass of to-day, it is more probable that change first arose from its culture as hay or forage through long ages; the more so as herdsmen preceded plowmen, or seem to have done so. How many good grains disguised as grass are waiting now for us to speak their names and call them forth!—*New York Tribune*.

The latest statistics from Persia give its dimensions 29,984 square geographical miles and a population of 6,000,000.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Carbon burns less freely in dried than in moist oxygen.

Crude petroleum is largely used in making the kerosene gas.

The sound of the heart have been recorded and reproduced by the phonograph.

The main strength of American wrought iron is 43,000 pounds; English, 43,741.

Electricity has not yet had as many victims as steam, but its dangers are deadly.

The pneograph is a novel instrument devised by Dr. Mortimer-Granville, an English physician.

The gravity road proposed for Reading, Penn., may possibly develop into an electric motor road.

Sedan, Kan., has a cob pipe factory that turns out nine pipes a minute. They are sold chiefly in the East.

The electric cars are running in Boston, making good time and otherwise satisfying the public demand.

Even 10,000 of the threads spun by the full-grown spider would not be equal in substance to the size of a single hair.

Boston electricians consider that the use of electricity to thin out the ranks of the criminals is degrading that science.

Robert Eidemann, a German mechanic, has invented an electro-magnetic device for prolonging the sounds of the pianoforte.

Wood-workers are using naphthalene as a wood-preserve. It is said to leave the wood dry, and with only a faint aromatic odor.

Congress has been applied to for an appropriation of \$50,000 for the purchase of a new telescope for the charting of the heavens by photography.

Experimenters at Manhattan, Kan., have discovered that the use of salt on wheat fields will greatly increase the yield. It is also announced that salt will kill potato bugs.

An alum mine has been discovered in Utah. It yields eighty to ninety per cent. pure alum, which can be extracted by simply placing the crude material in boiling water.

It is reported that Herr Busse, of Linden, near Hanover, has invented a rubber paving compound so entirely successful that there is talk of giving it a trial upon Philadelphia streets.

Nitro-glycerine freezes at a temperature considerably above the freezing point of water, and many accidents have resulted from the ridiculous methods employed for thawing it.

The posts and trees used as supports for telegraph wires in various districts in America are very sharply marked by bears, which, it is supposed, are misled by the humming noises to presume that there are bees within.

It has been demonstrated that in piping natural gas in pipes of one size about eight pounds per mile of the pressure is lost, but by using the telescope system, smaller pipes at the well and gradually increasing the size toward the point of consumption, the loss of pressure is reduced to three pounds per mile.

The preservation of rails in use is not the result of vibratory motion, or of an electric action due to the passage of the trains, but to the formation of magnetic oxide, produced by the compression of the rust on the metal. The rails are thus protected against the action of moist air in the same manner as is iron oxidized by fire.

In an examination of the stomachs of over 500 English sparrows, according to Professor Huxley, only eighty-two were found to contain any insect remains at all, while the stomach of a single truly insectivorous bird had 250 web worms. This bird would have given more aid to an orchardist than an army of the useless sparrows.

## A Farmer's Curiosity Saves a Train.

A terrible accident on the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad was providentially avoided by a farmer living near the track. It had rained heavily during the night, and Russian River was rising. The morning train coming south from Cleverdale was nearly due as the farmer started down the track with no object particularly in view. He thought he would see how the new filling of earth from the cave-in tunnel affected the gulch and the stream at the south side of his ranch. Reaching the trestle-work, some thirty feet high, he saw the track in position, level and to all appearances undisturbed. A hand car and section men had passed over not long before. As the farmer stood on the middle of the structure, looking down, he noted the great piles of "slum gullion" dumped in yellow piles on either side from the new track above town.

A narrow rivulet poured through the tortuous channel below, and his sharp eyes saw something else, overlooked by the section men. The water had undermined the sills and loosened the immense weight of muddy clay on the steep sides of the gulch so it had slid in, crushing and snapping two of the supporting redwood piles at the bottom, but still in place under the bridge above, which was merely held in line by the rails. If the engine of the south-bound train had attempted crossing, the train would have been doomed, together with the people on board. No time was lost in flagging the train, and the company ought to lose no time in acknowledging the service.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Republican*.

## A Club to Popularize Rabbit Food.

Thirty of the liveliest and best known Bohemians in the social swim of this gay town have met at John O'Neill's shell-fish palace on Sixth avenue and organized a club to be hereafter known as "The Rabbits." The objects of the club are decidedly new. Eminent physicians have claimed that the little blister-like patches under the skin of the rabbit contain germs which are dangerous to the human system. This club does not take any stock in this theory, and to demonstrate the sincerity of their belief they not only propose to eat a monthly banquet at which the bill of fare, from the beginning to the end, will be composed of rabbit. They also propose to make the now neglected rabbit a dainty which in time will rival the terrapin in gastronomic favor.—*New York Sun*.

The wool product of the world is placed at 1,000,000,000 pounds, and the number of sheep at 500,000,000.

## ONE MORE.

When man and time itself were poor,  
In the far days before the flood,  
And living souls had flesh and blood,  
Five hundred or a thousand years,  
Till birthdays grew a misty guess,  
What signified one more or less?

Ah! no thought may now condemn  
That unit of the lives of men,  
Whose dwindled years are one to ten  
Of Adam and Methusalem,  
And one hath all the cares that grow  
In twenty when the world was new.

A year! 'tis nature's morn and night,  
The lifetime of a plant, with dower  
Of seed and sprout and leaf and flower;  
And yet before its snows are white  
We claim the next, and pass to run  
Another journey round the sun.

Our course of being hath no goal,  
Alone in passing youth or age  
The onward step, the further stage,  
Is counted by the insatiate soul,  
That haunts the future's open door  
And cries for one to-morrow more.

And though the new to-morrow beam  
On thankless slight and wilful waste,  
And greed of mortals crazed with haste,  
Who hope and scheme and wish and dream  
Still, added to life's growing sum,  
In mercy one by one they come.

One more reprieve from sorrow's stress,  
One more delay for duty's stent,  
One more probation to repent,  
One more condition of success  
We ever crave. The boon is lent;  
We take—but we are not content.

Do New Years rise and set in vain  
Because uneasy spirits fret!  
Not so: the world hath wisdom yet,  
And punctual sense of present gain,  
And faith, whose patience waits so long  
Its yearning doeth time no wrong.

And Heaven, that chides the rash and blind,  
Relents when love of life entreats,  
And still with granted seasons meets  
The common prayer of all mankind,  
And gives eternity—whose store  
Of years forever yields one more.

—Theron Brown, in *Youth's Companion*.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Doing light work—Cleaning the lamps.

The shirtmaker's favorite exclamation—A hem.</







